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Why High Prices  
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Action Hero: The  
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# TIME

And  
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Is...

\* Really, we're pretty sure this time



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On the cover: Photograph for TIME by Callie Shell—Aurora. Insets, from left: iStockphoto; Zade Rosenthal—Paramount

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# 10 Questions.

She's won the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes and recently received the PEN/Borders Literary Service Award. A new collection of her nonfiction, *What Moves at the Margin*, is out now. **Toni Morrison will now take your questions**

**How did you discover your passion for writing?**

*Roderick Yang, SEATTLE*  
My deepest passion was reading. At some point—not early, I was 35 or 36—I realized there was a book that I wanted very much to read that really hadn't been written, and so I sort of played around with it in trying to construct the kind of book I wanted to read.

**Out of all the novels you've written, do you have a favorite?**

*Sarah Henderson, LOMA LINDA, CALIF.*  
No, I always am most deeply impressed with the one that's going on at the moment.

**What is your prewriting process like?**

*Sarah McLaughlin, BERKELEY, CALIF.*  
Different books arrive in different ways and require different strategies. Most of the books that I have written have been questions that I can't answer. In order to actually put down the first word—I don't really have a plan—I sometimes have a character, but I can't do anything with it until the language arrives.

**Song of Solomon should be required reading for all African-American boys. How did you know what is in our heads?**

*Ira Levi, TULSA, OKLA.*  
That was a leap for me. I really wanted to do that book, about the education of a middle-class black man, about his ancestry, and I couldn't. And then my father died, and it was earthshaking for me. I remember saying to myself,



I wonder what my father knew about these men? And I have to tell you, I felt access. I knew I could get there if I thought about him.

**Do you think that young black females are dealing with the same self-acceptance issues today as your character was in *The Bluest Eye*?**

*Francesca Siad, CALGARY, ALTA.*  
No, not at all. When I wrote the book, the young women who read it liked it [but] were unhappy because I had sort

of exposed an area of shame. Nowadays I find young African-American women much more complete. They seem to have a confidence that they take for granted.

**Do you regret referring to Bill Clinton as the first black President?**

*Justin Dewes, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.*  
People misunderstood that phrase. I was deploring the way in which President Clinton was being treated, vis-à-vis the sex scandal that was

surrounding him. I said he was being treated like a black on the street, already guilty, already a perp. I have no idea what his real instincts are, in terms of race.

**Why did you endorse Barack Obama for the presidency?**

*Chris Francis Lighthourne, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.*  
I thought about voting for Hillary at the beginning. I don't care that she is a woman. I need more than that. Neither his race, his gender, her race or her gender was enough. I needed something else, and the something else was his wisdom.

**My 15-year-old daughter lives to write. What advice do you have for aspiring writers?**

*Darren Wethers, ST. LOUIS, MO.*  
The work is in the work itself. If she writes a lot, that's good. If she revises a lot, that's even better. She should not only write about what she knows but about what she doesn't know. It extends the imagination.

**If you had not chosen to share your gift of writing, what else would you have done?**

*Michelle Patrick, NEW YORK CITY*  
When I started teaching, I was absolutely thrilled. There's nothing more exciting to me than to read books, to talk about books with students—generation after generation—who bring different things to them. I loved that. I would stay there.

**Are there any dreams or goals that you have yet to fulfill?**

*Janie Crawford, SYRACUSE, N.Y.*  
I have two. Well, three, really. Two involve novels that I'm going to write and haven't written. The third is immortality. [Laughs.] I don't mean my work. I mean me. ■



**VIDEO AT TIME.COM**  
To watch a video interview with Toni Morrison and to subscribe to the 10 Questions podcast on iTunes, go to [time.com/10questions](http://time.com/10questions)

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# Postcard: Omaha. It's a scary time for the economy, but Warren Buffett is as calm as ever—and his annual shareholders' meeting is just as festive. The world's greatest investor throws a party

BY BARBARA KIVIAF

**A** 77-YEAR-OLD NEBRASKAN WHO lives in a house he bought in 1958 and reimburses his company for personal telephone calls might make an unlikely candidate to be the most revered capitalist of our day. Yet that's what Warren Buffett is. And every year, devotees travel to the Berkshire Hathaway annual meeting—part corporate event, part tent revival, part family reunion—to pay him homage.

A record 31,000 people from 50 countries made the pilgrimage to Omaha, Neb., this year, snapping up every hotel room within an hour's drive, all to spend three days in the orbit of the native son whose investing prowess has turned him into the world's richest man—and who has taken his shareholders along for the very lucrative ride. Attendees shopped at Berkshire-owned companies (Borsheim's

## GLOBAL DISPATCH

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Fine Jewelry, Nebraska Furniture Mart); ate where Buffett likes to eat (Gorak's Steak House); tried to beat him at bridge (they didn't); and spent five hours grilling him and his closest confidant, vice chairman Charlie Munger, on everything from owning 8% of Kraft Foods to how the price of tungsten will affect the Israeli toolmaker Berkshire invested in two years ago.

The cult of Buffett has always been strong, but this year there seemed to be a special longing for the reassurance of his folksy charm. Amid turbulent economic times, Buffett's style of unemotionally buying solid businesses for the long term—forever, ideally—provided a beacon of stability for the investors who packed Omaha's Qwest Center arena, even as he talked about the subprime mortgage meltdown and the schizophrenia of the credit markets. "Capitalism without failure is like Christianity without hell," he said calmly, framing the recent tumult not as



Showtime Attendees check out a Berkshire Hathaway-owned bootmaker as Buffett's portrait looks on

nauseating but as necessary. "You read all these things" about the markets, says shareholder Kip Van Kempen, an insurance broker from Toronto, "and you don't want to be in housing; you don't want to be in U.S. equities. Buffett reminds you not to panic, to be patient. That's a lesson you don't hear very often."

Berkshire hasn't been immune from pain. Last quarter, the conglomerate's earnings dropped 64%. Its housing-related firms—Acme Brick, insulation manufacturer Johns Manville, carpetmaker Shaw—have taken hits, with profits down as much as 41% for 2007. Buffett barely blinks. "Is a carpet business in a postbubble period worth less because it's earning less now? No," he says. "If you own a farm and you have a drought once every 10 years, you don't mark down the value of your farm 30% the year of the drought."

And so the annual meeting went on as usual. There was Buffett onstage with his trademark can of Coke—he used to prefer Pepsi, but that would be bad form now that he owns nearly a tenth of Coca-

Cola. Next to him was Munger, his friend since 1959, whose acerbic attitude and tendency to soapbox only underscored Buffett's imperturbability.

In the adjoining 200,000-sq-ft. (18,600 sq m) exhibition hall, dozens of Berkshire companies displayed their wares. Shareholders lined up to buy Fruit of the Loom underwear, find out how much they could save with Geico insurance and tour a Clayton manufactured home. See's Candies expected to rack up \$100,000 in sales in a single day, while Benjamin Moore paints hawked its promotional teddy bears—the sort of thing that would be free from other companies—for \$5. "We don't give things away here," said general manager Frank Strano. "Warren doesn't believe in that."

One day, of course, Buffett will be gone, but he has already lined up a group of (so far unnamed) people to take over. And if there is anything Buffett has taught, it is that you invest in the company, not on the news. The day Buffett dies or retires, the stock price will probably fall, says shareholder Carl Hagberg, who plans to do as Warren would: "I'll be calling my broker to buy more."







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# Inbox



## A Race to the End

IS THERE NOT A FOURTH OPTION FOR THE end of the battle for the Democratic nomination [May 5]? If Barack Obama wins the majority of pledged delegates and the Democratic National Committee decides to hand the nomination to Hillary Clinton, he could declare himself an independent candidate. That would guarantee a loss for Clinton but could result in the building of an all-inclusive New Democratic Party.

J. Gerard Janssen, TORONTO

I THINK THE CURRENT RACE IS THE BEST, most riveting election campaign I have witnessed as an adult. I'm 56. Never before have I seen a primary campaign come down to the wire like this year's Democratic contest. Back in January I was hoping for the same thing on the Republican side. Sure, hard-fought contests are bruising for all concerned, but I believe the nation will be better off next January, when the new President takes office, because of the election fights that took place this year. Now if only we could shorten the campaign season.

Dave Peterson, TUCSON, ARIZ.

WHEN MY 5-YEAR-OLD, AN ARDENT HILLARY supporter, saw your Obama/Clinton cover, she combined the names *Barack* and *Hillary* and got *Barackary*. She then noted that *Barackary* sounds like *broccoli* and offered, "We don't like it, but it is good for us."

Jason Petri, GREEN RIVER, WYO.

**'Of course we're ready for a woman on the evening news, but why Katie Couric? The bright, multifaceted personality we all have known seems to have gone into hibernation.'**

Angela Swan, CHAZY, N.Y.

**Gender bender** With Couric's tenure possibly nearing its end, some readers blame TV honchos' sexism; others wonder whether Couric was the right woman for the job

## The New Newt

WHEN NEWT GINGRICH RESPONDED TO ONE of your 10 Questions [May 5] with "the only zone where the dollar's value matters to us is the purchase of oil," he reminded me of the old joke: "Except for that, Mrs. Lincoln, how was the play?"

Arthur Katz, BETHLEHEM, PA.

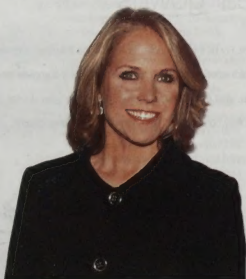
THIS IS THE GUY DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE for the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994, in which he branded all Democrats as untrustworthy, disloyal and un-American. Talk about writing alternative history. *Days of Infamy* perfectly describes Gingrich's era as a member of Congress.

Bill Shick, NASHVILLE

## Deathday Wishes

NANCY GIBBS' ELOQUENCE ON THE DEATH of her father left me breathless [May 5]. Yet the concept of a Deathday is not merely a quirk of J.K. Rowling's literature: Jewish culture has celebrated the *Yahrzeit* for centuries. It is a day of joyous yet sorrowful memory of those gone, during which people gather to support the bereaved with sweet recollections of the dead. My grandfather died when I was 7. Every year his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren partake of a meal in his name, those who remember him speaking of him to those who do not. I am 22 now and in no danger of forgetting him.

Lily Weiss, LAWRENCE, N.Y.



## HARVARD ISN'T ALL THAT

You should add one more "don't" to your Tips for [High School] Seniors list [May 5]: Don't feel sorry for students

LETTER FROM A STUDENT

like Sarah Simon who are already accepted at several top colleges and have never had to feel the sting of a rejection letter. There are equally hardworking students like me who have respectable GPAs and were forced to forgo a top choice because of waitlisting or rejection. We should remember that we all have an opportunity for success after college, whether or not we earn our degree in the Ivy League.

Paige Landsem, TUALATIN, ORE.

## Unvarnished Patriotism

MICHAEL ERIC DYSON'S ARTICLE SPELLED out with exquisite precision the fundamental disjunct between two communities highlighted in the recent flap over the Rev. Jeremiah Wright [May 5]. Patriotism rather than nationalism remains one of the striking differences found in the majority of black American churches. An unjaudiced assessment of our nation's moral standing along with a willingness to call it stridently to account have long been evident in black church pulpits. Yet there is a simultaneous call to good citizenship and a grateful acknowledgment of our country's wonderful opportunities. In sum, we love our country rather than remain infatuated with it.

Stephen Richardson, NASHVILLE

## A Bias Against China?

LIKE OTHER WESTERN JOURNALISTS, SIMON ELEGANT tries to attribute the anti-Western protests in China to xenophobia [May 5]. But he fails to explain why people in the U.S. and other countries share the Chinese people's outrage. Unless the West can come to terms with the fact that China is going to be a major global power, the notion that China will be a destabilizing force is more a self-fulfilling prophecy than an inevitable outcome.

M. Lo, WASHINGTON

THE WESTERN WORLD SHOULD KNOW that using the Olympics as a forum for criticizing China is both counterproductive



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**What satisfies a hungry woman?**





and unfair. The Chinese people are proud of their achievements of the past couple of decades and, though much still needs to be done, they are progressing at an impressive pace. Engagement is the only way to influence both the people and their government. While muted in their public criticism of their political leaders, the Chinese people are surprisingly frank in admitting their shortcomings, though they tend to accept restrictions on political freedom as a necessary trade-off for the economic gains they have achieved, at least in the major cities. Given time and patience, the West's more positive values and practices will osmose into their collective social consciousness. Unfortunately, so will our less desirable and wasteful ones.

*Sigmund Roseth, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.*

### The Shrinking Democrats

JOE KLEIN IS ALMOST CORRECT WHEN HE states that the ABC News debate in Philadelphia "will go down in history for the relentless vulgarity of its questions" [May 5]. But the questions weren't so much vulgar as they were vapid. The only thing moderator Charles Gibson forgot to do was follow Barbara Walters' infamous example and ask Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton what kind of trees they would be.

*Holmes Brannon, WOODLAND PARK, COLO.*

JOE KLEIN FEELS CERTAIN THAT PENNSYLVANIA voters based their choice on "low-information signaling" and the social body language of the candidates. The bias and sheer presumption of this piece is astounding. Did Klein consider for a moment that maybe those who voted for Clinton think her just as capable as Obama of having a high-minded conversation? Most voters embrace hope and are ready for change, but the reality is that both Democratic candidates can offer these things. Obama may need to first more candidly address mundane, equally urgent issues affecting many of us. It's as if we're being invited to take the philosophy course without having any idea what the tuition will be.

*Erim McLaughlin Griffin, KINGSTON, PA.*

### SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

■ In our May 5 Postcard from Bangalore, India, we mischaracterized Symphony Services. It is a software-solutions company. In the same issue, a Dashboard item referred to a suicide hotline for veterans; it was set up by the Veterans Affairs Department, not the military.

I AM A CATHOLIC AMERICAN WITH AN Arabic name and take great offense at the comment you made about Obama's name. There isn't any such thing as an "Islamic-sounding name." The language is Arabic.

*Julie Behlok, ROCHESTER, N.Y.*

### Katie's Critics

KATIE COURIC'S PROBLEM IS NOT HER gender; it's that her recent professional experience was light banter and soft stories [May 5]. In its efforts to "tart up" the news, CBS put her in the position of playing to her weaknesses rather than her strengths. The change in her style and appearance made her unfamiliar to fans who might have followed her from the *Today* show.

*Stanley Kalematis, MELVILLE, N.Y.*

### TIME's Global-Warming Cover

I AM A RETIRED MARINE, AND I WOULD love to hear you explain to the survivors of the campaign on Iwo Jima just why you had to use "our photo" with a tree [April 28]. I work in an environmental-protection field, have a degree in biology and can not only spell *ecology* but understand the implications of human actions on our environment. I think you may mean well, but your judgment leaves a bit to be desired. Please leave the ecological subjects in the realm of science and the patriotic war and flag symbols in theirs.

*Mark Renning, FERGUS FALLS, MINN.*

RAISING THE FLAG ON MOUNT SURIBACHI was a sign of victory for our military in a hard-fought battle. Our country lost more than 400,000 soldiers in WW II. If global warming ever causes that many deaths, then you can start Photoshopping pictures.

*Meredith Lea, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.*

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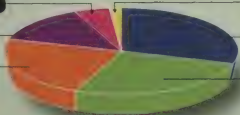
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U.S. Oil and Natural Gas Company Ownership, 2007

## Do you own an oil company?

If you've ever wondered who owns America's oil and natural gas companies, chances are the answer is, "you do."

Surprised?

The fact is that if you have a mutual fund account – and 55 million American households, with a median income of under \$70,000, do – there's a good chance it invests in oil and natural gas company stocks. If you have an IRA or personal retirement account – and 45 million U.S. households do – there is a good chance it invests in energy stocks.

All this comes from a recent study\* of U.S. oil and natural gas company ownership headed by Robert J. Shapiro, undersecretary of commerce for economic affairs under President Bill Clinton.

According to the study, the majority of the industry's shareholders are "middle-class U.S. households with mutual fund investments, pension accounts, other personal retirement accounts, and small personal portfolios."

What many may find particularly surprising is that our industry's corporate management owns only a tiny fraction of company shares.

Specifically, here is what the

study found:

- 29.5 percent of U.S. oil and natural gas company shares are owned by mutual funds and other firms
- 27 percent are owned by pension funds
- Individual investors own 23 percent
- 14 percent are held in IRA accounts
- 5 percent are owned by other institutional investors
- 1.5 percent are held by corporate management (significantly less in the largest companies)

These findings tell us something very important: tens of millions of Americans have a stake in the U.S. oil and natural gas industry. When the industry's earnings are strong, the real winners are middle-class Americans, people investing in their retirement security or saving for their children's college education.

So when the political rhetoric gets hot about increasing energy taxes or taking "excess profits" from U.S. oil companies, it is important to step back, look at the facts, and ask yourself, "who does that really hurt?"

To read the full study, visit [EnergyTomorrow.org](http://EnergyTomorrow.org).

THE *people* OF AMERICA'S  
OIL AND NATURAL GAS INDUSTRY

**Tens of millions of Americans own a piece of the U.S. oil and natural gas industry**

\*SONECON: The Distribution of Ownership of U.S. Oil and Natural Gas Companies, September 2007

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# Briefing

THE MOMENT



## The Last Lap. A filly's tragic end casts a grim spotlight on the sport of kings

EIGHT BELLES DIED ON THE altar of the quick buck. About that, even the most stalwart horse-racing fans can agree. Andrew Beyer, dean of America's racing writers, explained the death of the Kentucky Derby runner-up by noting that thoroughbreds are, in fact, overbred. They are no longer created with robust careers in mind; their life goal is a couple of quick wins in Triple Crown races, followed by retirement to a stud farm. "Modern commercial breeders produce horses in order to sell them, and if those horses are

unsound, they become somebody else's problem," Beyer wrote for the *Washington Post*. "Because buyers want horses with speed, breeders have filled the thoroughbred species with the genes of fast but unsound horses."

The sad sight of this beautiful animal collapsing after her courageous effort, her life ended by two shattered front ankles, called up memories of Barbaro, that brilliant colt ruined by a broken leg at the Preakness two years ago. Inevitably, people asked if some moral rot has crept into

the sport of kings, wherein immature horses are urged to overextend themselves on legs that snap like icicles.

But it's only fair to point out that breeders aren't a solitary priesthood. They flip horses the way real estate speculators once flipped condos. With dollar signs in their

**Horses, models, teen stars—they're all produced for maximum profit**

eyes, they savor 2- and 3-year-old horses, exactly the way the fashion industry looks at long-stemmed 14-year-old girls, exactly the way the celebrity culture gazes on Britney and Lindsay and Miley, exactly

the way shoe-company reps scrutinize boys on basketball courts. Horses, fashion models, teen stars—they're all produced for maximum profit.

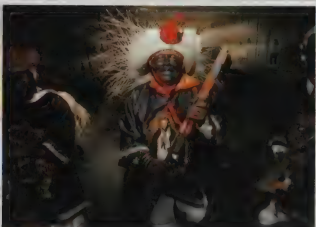
Every market needs buyers as well as sellers, and that's where the rest of us come in. If horse breeders have stopped raising animals that are sound for the long run, it's because the audience for mature race horses—like the audience for maturity in general—has vanished. Seabiscuit, over his 89-race career, drew huge crowds season after season. By contrast, this year's Derby winner, Big Brown, will command the public eye for two months at best, retiring after the Belmont Stakes in June. Provided he lives that long.

—BY DAVID VON DREHLE



LOS ANGELES

*Thousands march in May Day rally for immigrants' rights*



MEXICO CITY

*Cinco de Mayo celebrates the 1862 victory over French forces*



GAZA

Palestina

# Dashboard

WASHINGTON  
MEMO

**WASHINGTON** **SIX AND A HALF**  
**MONTHS** years after  
the 9/11 ter-  
rorist attacks, Washington  
is nearing a poignant mile-  
stone: the Survivors' Fund,  
the country's last major  
9/11 charity, officially dis-  
solves on May 15. In dollar  
terms, it was far from the  
biggest player: more than  
7,000 people affected by the  
attacks have received over  
\$12 billion, most of which  
came from the federally  
financed Victim Compensation  
Fund.

But the \$25 million Survivors' Fund, formed to help



those affected by the crash of American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon, may be the best model for assisting victims of a mass-casualty disaster.

Following the advice of charities set up after the Oklahoma City bombings, organizers at the Community Foundation for the National Capital Region created the fund to do more than just write checks.

Each of its 1,051 clients was assigned an experienced social worker who helped draft a set of personalized

goals. For Sergeant First Class Christopher Braman, an Army Ranger who was at the Pentagon on 9/11 and was severely injured while helping recover bodies at the site, the case managers "became like family." The fund assisted Braman's wife in getting scholarships for nursing school and found college students to mentor the couple's three daughters. "They didn't pay a bill off," he says. "They showed you how." In a study of the fund,

71% of the clients surveyed said their lives would have been worse

without it—a remarkable satisfaction rate—and, in a rebuke of the federal victims fund, nearly three-quarters said they preferred its holistic approach to just getting cash.

Some of these lessons were applied last year in responding to the Virginia Tech school shooting and the Minneapolis bridge collapse. On May 5, the fund released a detailed blueprint of its methods; it will, unfortunately, prove useful again.

—BY AMANDA RIPLEY

## REMITTANCES

## Work In, Cash Out

The nearly \$240 billion that migrant workers send home every year to developing countries is vital—in Tajikistan, for example, remittances are equal to some 36% of the gross domestic product. But a recent poll shows that stream of revenue may slow as the economy lags; for instance, fewer Latin American immigrants in the U.S. are sending money home. That worries governments like Mexico's, which matches remittances 3 to 1 if they are used for community projects.



## MERGERS

## Yahoo! Says No!

**Yahoo!'s rejection of a buyout offer from software giant Microsoft has investors wondering about the future of the two tech companies.**



## The Deal

Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer, hoping to gain on industry leader Google, offered to buy Yahoo! for \$33 per share—but walked away when Yahoo! asked for \$37, without launching the hostile takeover bid many saw coming. Stocks of both companies fell after news of the scuttled deal broke May 3.

## What's Next For Yahoo!

CEO Jerry Yang hinted he may still be open to a deal, but for now the company is facing shareholder lawsuits for refusing Microsoft's bid. Yahoo! may partner with Google on online search and advertising, but antitrust laws may prevent closer cooperation.

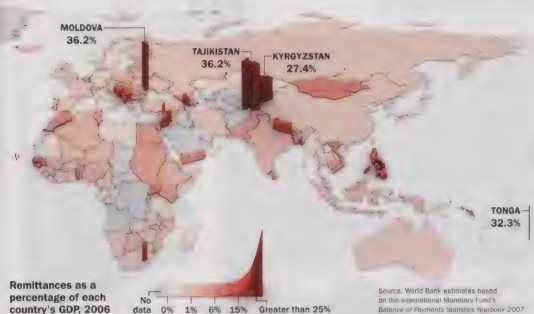




wait to fill gas canisters during fuel shortage

**SANTA CRUZ, BOLIVIA**  
Province vote for greater autonomy sparks clashes, riots

**CHAITÉN VOLCANO, CHILE**  
Town is evacuated as volcano erupts



PRIMER

## Putin's Puppet?

He succeeds Vladimir Putin as Russia's third President, but many suspect that Dmitri Medvedev—whom Putin handpicked—will just toe his mentor's line. A career recap:



**LOYAL WORKER** A 42-year-old lawyer from St. Petersburg, Medvedev has seen his prospects rise with those of his former boss. He ran Putin's 2000 presidential campaign and was appointed to oversee Gazprom, the state-controlled gas company. While he is considered more liberal than Putin, recent signs of a more aggressive Russia—including the downing of a Georgian drone and the trotting out of tanks and missiles in Red Square days after Medvedev's inauguration—may indicate Putin's continuing influence as Russia's new Prime Minister.

## What's Next For Microsoft

Microsoft's relatively small online division has been losing money for more than two years. Balmer says the company's future depends on moving beyond its software business, but winning a real slice of the online marketplace may require another acquisition, like AOL.

CLIMATE CHANGE

## Polar Bear Politics

Global warming's most prominent mascot is the subject of another political fight. Following a ruling earlier this month by a California federal judge, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has to decide by May 15 whether the polar bear is an endangered species.



An affirmative decision would make it the first mammal to face extinction from climate change.

**THE ARGUMENT** The U.S. Geological Survey says most polar bears could disappear in 50 years if Arctic sea ice—their hunting ground—continues to melt. Opponents like Oklahoma Senator James Inhofe argue that bear numbers have increased because of antihunting laws and that policy should not rest on "unproven computer models."

# Verbatim

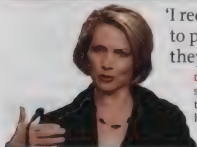
'I want Barack Obama to be the next President of our country. As an official celebrity, I know my endorsement has just made your mind up for you.'

**TOM HANKS**, endorsing the Illinois Democrat on his MySpace page



'We are closer to the end of this problem than we are to the beginning.'

**HENRY PAULSON**, U.S. Treasury Secretary, on the country's economic troubles, as the credit crisis enters its ninth month



'I recognize that the media is going to play this up again tomorrow, as they do every single year.'

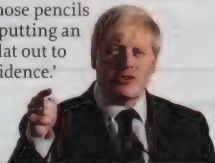
**DANA PERINO**, White House spokeswoman, speaking a day before the fifth anniversary of the "mission accomplished" announcement that has become a symbol of U.S. overconfidence in Iraq

'I can happily switch to margarine.'

**TSUYOSHI HASHIMOTO**, of Japan's Agriculture Ministry, after the government ordered Japanese dairies to increase butter production up to 20% because of a shortage of the popular staple

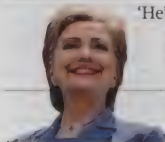
'I know there will be many whose pencils hovered for an instant before putting an X in my box, and I will work flat out to repay and to justify your confidence.'

**BORIS JOHNSON**, British journalist turned politician, after defeating incumbent Ken Livingstone in London's mayoral election



'He's always had a crush on me.'

**HILLARY CLINTON**, on conservative talk-show host Rush Limbaugh, who called for Republicans to vote for Clinton as a way of keeping Democrats divided



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For more daily sound bites, visit [time.com/quotes](http://time.com/quotes)

Sources: Boston Globe; Bloomberg; AP (3); Guardian; New York Times

## NUMBERS

### SPYING

**2,370**

Number of requests approved in 2007 by the U.S. Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court (FISC) to search or eavesdrop on suspected terrorists—a record. Annual warrant requests have more than doubled since 9/11

**3**

Number of requests denied by the FISC during the same year

### PRIVACY

**40 million**

Number of Italians whose 2005 tax returns were posted online by the outgoing government of Prime Minister Romano Prodi. Italy's treasury department eventually shut down the site following privacy complaints

**\$29 million**

Amount paid in taxes by Italian fashion designer Giorgio Armani, who filed one of the largest tax returns that year

### WILDLIFE

**92%**

Estimated drop in king-salmon yields from California's Sacramento River from 2002 to '08



**160**

Years since the U.S. government last banned West Coast salmon-fishing. This year's ban came after authorities declared the region's king-salmon fisheries a federal failure

### AVIATION

**8**

Minutes added to a Northwest Airlines transatlantic flight by flying 10 m.p.h. (16 km/h) slower, saving 162 gal. (613 L) of fuel during the flight

**\$42 million**

Projected savings in fuel costs that Southwest Airlines expects this year by reducing speeds, adding 1 to 3 min. to its flights

Sources: AP; News (2); New York Times (2); AP; San Francisco Chronicle; AP (2)

# People



Q &amp; A

## Talking with David Blaine

The magician and endurance artist recently set a world record by holding his breath for more than 17 minutes.

**Which of your feats has been your favorite?** London [where Blaine lived in a clear box suspended over the Thames without food for 44 days]. There was a heightened sense of everything. Every time you taste water, it's so sweet—at least for the first 28 days, until you shift to digesting your organ walls, and then it begins to taste like sulfur and becomes horrific. I got liver and kidney failure from that one.

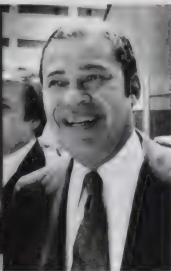
**How do you train your body to do these things?** I train intensively. I think anybody can do any of these if they train. I don't recommend it. That's what's interesting to me—how adaptable the human organism is.

**How do you hope people will view your work when you're through?** I hope people remember me as a guy who brought magic to the people [and] pushed the boundaries of wonder.

**Your next performance will involve sleep deprivation, right?** That is the next one. In September. I want to use Central Park. I'm going to go 11.57 days without sleep, which is 1 million seconds, or 16.666 minutes. Everyone can help keep me awake. I won't use stimulants. I think that defeats the whole purpose.

## An affair to remember

After three decades, **BARBARA WALTERS** has come clean about her deepest secret: for several years in the 1970s, she conducted an affair with married U.S. Senator **EDWARD BROOKE**—who at the time was the first African-American Senator elected since Reconstruction. Brooke, whom Walters remembers as “brilliant” and “exciting,” has declined to comment.



## Smart Alec

Following his contentious divorce from Kim Basinger and the custody battle over their daughter **IRELAND**, **ALEC BALDWIN** wrote a book about his experiences in the family-court system. *A Promise to Ourselves: Fatherhood, Divorce and Family Law* hits bookshelves in September.

## CELEBRITY ROUNDUP

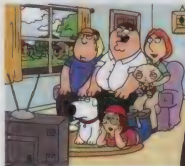
**Married.** **MARIAH CAREY**, reportedly, to actor Nick Cannon, in the Bahamas after the couple met several weeks ago on a music-video shoot

**Found guilty.** The man accused of stalking **UMA THURMAN**, on one count of stalking and one count of aggravated harassment

**Honored.** **KYLIE MINOGUE**, with the title Knight in the Order of Arts and Letters, one of France's highest cultural awards

**Inducted.** **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN** and **TONI MORRISON**, along with 13 others, into New Jersey's new Hall of Fame

**Engaged.** **SCARLETT JOHANSSON**, to *Definitely, Maybe* star Ryan Reynolds



## Patience pays off

*Family Guy* creator **SETH MACFARLANE** has signed a deal with 20th Century Fox—after more than two years of negotiations—that will likely make him the highest-paid writer-producer in television.



# Milestones

**DIED** ACCUSED OF RUNNING a Washington prostitution ring for 13 years, the woman known best as the "D.C. Madam" took her own life when faced with the prospect of a prison sentence of up to 55 years. **Deborah Jeane Palfrey** was convicted on April 15 of charges associated with what she called a sexual-fantasy service and what prosecutors alleged was a cover for a prostitution ring that counted many high-profile politicians among its clientele. In the 1990s, Palfrey was incarcerated for her links to another prostitution circuit and vowed never to return to prison. Author Dan Moldea, whom Palfrey contacted about writing a book, told TIME, "She wasn't going to let it happen to her again." Palfrey would have been sentenced on July 24. She was 52.

■ **FACING A YEAR IN PRISON** in 1959 for marrying across racial lines, **Mildred Jeter Loving**, a black woman, and her white husband Richard Loving decided to fight the legal system in their home state of Virginia. In 1967 the case went to the U.S. Supreme Court, where the justices ruled unanimously against the Virginia decision. Chief Justice Earl Warren dismissed such laws as "repugnant" to

the Constitution. In words that seem prescient today, Loving said in 1965, "We are not marrying the state. The law should allow a person to marry anyone he wants." She was 68.

■ **THE SECOND PRIME MINISTER** of Spain following the death of dictator Francisco Franco, **Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo** got off to a rocky start when



his inauguration was interrupted by an 18-hour military coup on Feb. 23, 1981. Thanks to a television

address by King Juan Carlos imploring soldiers to accept the democratic constitution, the coup fell apart. Calvo Sotelo went on to negotiate Spain's entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization during his nearly two years as Prime Minister. He was 82.

■ **IT WAS A COIN FLIP** THAT decided whose name would come first when brothers-in-law **Irvine Robbins** and **Burton Baskin** combined their ice cream shops to found Baskin-Robbins, now a global chain with more than 5,800 franchises. Newly out of the military, Robbins opened his first store in Glendale, Calif., in 1945 with money that he'd saved from



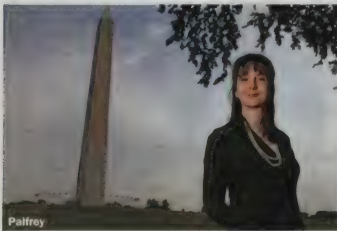
his Bar Mitzvah. Throughout his career, he was an adept salesman, never missing an opportunity; for the Beatles' 1964 arrival in the U.S., Robbins created the flavor Beatle Nut in just five days. He was 90.



■ **GENERAL MANAGER** OF THE Dodgers through eight World Series, four championships and a relocation from Brooklyn, N.Y., to Los Angeles, **Buzzie Bavaši** was a fixture in American baseball. Born Emil, Bavaši earned the nickname Buzzie for his high energy, which sustained him in a career that spanned nearly five decades and three major league baseball clubs. Known for his sense of humor, Bavaši also had an enduring passion for the game and maintained that the best way to size up a player was to evaluate his character in addition to his skills. "Get to know the players," he advised later Dodgers manager Fred Claire. "Nothing will serve you better." He was 92.

■ **IN COMPOSITIONS** OFTEN as dependent on the placement of instruments as on the musical notes played, composer **Henry Brant** was forever redefining his art. For many pieces, he had different sections of the orchestra play from different parts of concert halls. He wrote others for large ensembles of a single instrument, as with 1979's *Orbits*, which calls for 80 trombones. Brant found inspiration in all corners of his life—from his musician father, who was a professional violinist, to his world travels. His Pulitzer Prize-winning 2001 composition, *Ice Field*, was inspired by a childhood trip aboard an ocean liner navigating through icebergs. He was 94.

■ **HIS IRREVERENT CARTOON** maid, Hazel, first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1943 but later took on a life of her own as a synonym for live-in household maids. Cartoonist and animator **Ted Key** flaunted his playful imagination with several other notable characters, including Mr. Peabody, a professorial dog, and Sherman, his boy sidekick, who traveled through time together on *Rocky and His Friends*. He was 95.







James

# Poniewozik

## Florida Forever. An accidentally timely docudrama shows how the election of 2000 led to the obsessions of 2008

AFTER GEORGE W. BUSH WON FLORIDA IN 2000—O.K., I apologize to my Democrat readers for legitimizing Bush by using the word *won*. Also, I apologize to the Republicans for delegitimizing Bush by apologizing to the Democrats...

This is what Florida has done to us. Nearly eight years after Bush—um, “became President”? Can we agree on that?—the Florida recount still grips our politics, down to its semantics. To choose a verb is to take sides. Florida is not just a state but a state of mind: the widely held attitude that the game is rigged (by the courts, the media, the voting machines...) and that any close election is suspect. Florida looms over politics like the Alamo, the Maine and the grassy knoll all rolled into one.

On May 25, an HBO docudrama about the legal-political battle between Bush and Al Gore will remind us of all that again. You might think that HBO would have timed *Recount* to air around Election Day. As it turns out, the network could not have scheduled the movie better. The Democratic primary, like the Florida election, has turned out close enough that it must be decided by people whom nobody voted for—this time superdelegates, not Supreme Court Justices. With the old electoral wounds being ripped open, here comes *Recount* like a brimming shaker of salt.

**Even if the primary is settled by the time *Recount* airs (or by the time you read this), some Democrats will feel bitter and cheated and will invoke the powerful language of 2000 all over again. If Barack Obama gets the nomination, the anger**

**Florida is not just a state but a state of mind. It looms over politics like the Alamo, the Maine and the grassy knoll all rolled into one**

will center on the primaries in Michigan and you-know-where. (Democrats! Disenfranchised! In Florida! The blog posts write themselves.) Hillary Clinton's camp has already stepped up the “count every vote” talk. If it's Clinton, the protests will be that, as in 2000—when thousands of black Floridians were struck from voter rolls—African Americans were overruled and the popular-vote leader denied. That there are several competing gauges of legitimacy only makes recriminations more likely.



*Recount* is told largely from the Gore camp's perspective; the Dems even get the marginally bigger stars—Kevin Spacey, Denis Leary and Ed Begley Jr. to the Republicans' Laura Dern, Tom Wilkinson and Bob Balaban. When a Florida court decision holds out hope for Gore, stirring music swells. When Bush recount honcho James Baker III (Wilkinson) walks onscreen, the sound track all but plays Darth Vader's theme.

But it makes sense for *Recount* to be Dem-centric. True, Florida was bipartisan in feeding cynicism about institutions—politics, the courts, the media. (There's a montage of the networks calling the state for Gore, then Bush, then no one.) But it

had the greatest effect on the Democratic psyche, as will happen after you lose an election. (My apologies for writing “lose.” And “election.”)

Still, *Recount* portrays Republicans as not so much stealing the election as getting lucky (with the Palm Beach “butterfly” ballot that led seniors to accidentally pick Pat Buchanan over Gore), then aggressively going after the jump ball in the media, the courts and the streets. In *Recount*, the enemy is often Democrats. Former Secretary of State Warren Christopher (John Hurt), elder statesman of Gore's recount effort, is portrayed as a wet noodle, fretting about honorable compromise while Baker goes to the mattresses. Gore's running mate, Joe Lieberman, hands the Bush team a gift by declaring that challenged military ballots should be counted. With friends like these, who needs Karl Rove?

**Seen this way, *Recount* is more important for what it says about intra-Democratic politics than about the interparty battle.** (Bush and Gore appear only in clips, in shots from behind or as off-camera voices.) As Gore's brass-knuckled campaign staff (Spacey as recount captain Ron Klain and Leary as field director Michael W. Houley) urge the likes of Christopher to fight gor fire with fire, you can see the seeds of the schism between nettroots activists and Establishment Dems. The activists regard

their colleagues as sellouts or wusses, too refined to throw a punch and too concerned about the mainstream media's approbation.

Through Gore's defeat, *Recount* hints at the emergence of the Democrats of 2008. Clinton and Obama have each argued that they know the post-Florida way to win: Obama by embracing the grass roots, Clinton by promising to whale on the Republicans. But with those lessons came a zeitgeist that views elections as dirty unless proved otherwise. How to marshal the spirit of '00 rather than be destroyed by it will be the challenge for whichever candidate wins. And I apologize in advance for using that verb. ■



Photograph for TIME by Callie Shell—Aurora



Joe

Klein

## The Game Changer.

Barack Obama has refused to play by the old political rules. He's about to be rewarded for it

ON THE SATURDAY BEFORE THE NORTH Carolina and Indiana primaries, Hillary Clinton stood on the back of a vintage pickup truck in Gastonia, N.C., and let fly in the most impressive fashion—a woman transformed from Eleanor Roosevelt into Huey Long in two short months. Spotting a big yellow placard that said GAS TAX HOLIDAY IS BLATANT PANDERING—a sign she would have ignored in her earlier, less feisty incarnations—she went after the young Obamish sign-holders: Why wasn't the Federal Reserve accused of pandering when it bailed out the Bear Stearns investment bank to the tune of \$30 billion? Why shouldn't the oil companies pay the federal gasoline tax this summer instead of the people who "hold their breath" every time they pull up to the gas pump? "I know that some people don't have to worry when they go to the supermarket," she said, staring accusingly at the placard bearers, but "there are people who count

**Inching ahead** After the May 6 votes, Obama gained at least 98 delegates, Clinton 85

their pennies as they walk down the aisle," trying to figure out what they can afford. "Don't they deserve a break every once in a while? They haven't done anything wrong... The oil companies have had it their way for too long," she said. "I'm tired of being a patsy."

Wow. Watching the junior Senator from New York, I was of two minds. My high-minded policy brain was, of course, appalled. The gas-tax holiday was a scam. It had been tried at various times—Barack Obama had voted for a local version in the Illinois legislature—and prices never came down. The oil companies and gas-station owners simply pocketed the difference. Clinton's "responsible" version of the plan was also a scam. She wanted to pay for it with a "windfall profits" tax on the oil companies, but she had earlier, and more responsibly, called for the elimination of tax breaks for those same companies. If you eliminate the tax breaks, you effectively eliminate the windfall profits. There would be nothing to tax. In any case, the "holiday" had next to no chance of passing Congress. Her sell was, well, shameless pandering.

On the other hand, my cynical low-information political brain was saying, You go, girl. This was fun to watch. "This is a serious election," Clinton said in Gastonia, "but I believe you still should have some fun." She seemed energized by her irresponsibility, sprung from her lifelong, eat-your-peas policy straitjacket. She had always been the superego of Team Clinton; now she was gallivanting about, playing the id. It seemed like smart politics too. It was the kind of thing I have seen "work" throughout my nearly 40-year career as a journalist, an era that coincided neatly with the rise of consultant-driven flummery: you *could* fool most of the people most of the time. For nearly 30 years, the Republican offer of tax breaks had trumped the Democratic offer of responsible budgeting, with the ironic exception of Bill Clinton's presidency. And while that offer still might work in a general election, it did not in the May 6 Democratic primaries.

**Clinton's paste-on populism changed absolutely nothing. And her slim margin of victory in Indiana was provided, appropriately enough, by Republicans**

**Clinton's paste-on populism changed** absolutely nothing. The demographic blocs that had determined the shape of this remarkable campaign remained stolidly in place. Blacks, young people and those with college educations voted for Obama; Clinton won women, the elderly, whites without college educations. Clinton's slim margin of victory in Indiana was provided, appropriately enough, by Republicans, who were 10% of the Democratic-primary electorate and whose votes she carried 54% to 46%—some, perhaps, at the behest of the merry prankster Rush Limbaugh, who had counseled his ditto heads to bring "chaos" to the Democratic electoral process by voting for their favorite whipping girl. Clinton's new glow, her newfound stump proficiency, her symbiosis with Limbaugh, seemed an eerily Faustian narrative. But, as we know, those sorts of bargains tend to end badly. In this case, the upper-crust liberals who seemed ready to flee Obama in Pennsylvania—the sort of people who would run out and buy a hybrid before they'd support a reduction in the gasoline tax—decided to vote their faith that Obama was running an honorable campaign rather than their fear that his membership in Jeremiah Wright's church would render him radioactive.

And with good reason. The formerly charismatic Obama had undergone a transformation of his own: from John F. Kennedy to Adlai Stevenson, from dashing rhetorician to good-government egghead. He derided the gas-tax holiday as the gimmick it was, gambling that Democrats would see through the ruse. He trudged through the Wright debacle, never allowing his impeccable disposition to slip toward anger or pettiness. On the Sunday before the primaries, he gave a dour, newsless interview to Tim Russert, enduring another 20 minutes of questions about the Reverend Wright. Meanwhile, Clinton was spiky and histrionic in her simultaneous duel with George Stephanopoulos. She made alpha-dog power moves, standing up to talk to the live audience while Stephanopoulos remained seated, forcing him to stand uncomfortably beside her and then, later, embarrassing her host by reminiscing about his liberal, anti-NAFTA, Clinton-staffer past.

It wasn't until I read the transcript that I realized that Clinton's bravado had masked a brazenly empty performance. Stephanopoulos nailed her time after time, mostly on matters of character. She said, for example, that her husband's

charitable foundation was private and didn't have to release the names of its donors. "Yet the foundation sold the donor list, 38,000 names," Stephanopoulos pointed out. Clinton said she didn't "know anything about that. You'd have to ask the foundation." In retrospect, it was easy to see that Clinton was desperate, willing to say almost anything to get over. At the time, she just seemed strong, certainly stronger than Obama on *Meet the Press*... at least she did to me and many members of my chattering tribe. And our knee-jerk reactions—our prejudice toward performance values over policy—could infect the campaign to come between Obama and John McCain, just as it has the primaries.

Clinton's apparent loss of the nomination was a consequence of her campaign's incompetence, but it was also a result of her reliance on the same-old. The shameless populism that seemed a possible game changer to media observers, micro-ideas like the gas-tax holiday, the willingness to go negative—which Obama tried intermittently, in halfhearted reaction to Clinton's attacks—appeared very old and







**Still not over** Clinton pledges that whatever happens, she'll work for the eventual Democratic nominee

clichéd to Obama's legion of young supporters, who were the real game changers in this year of extraordinary turnouts. That, and the fact that Democrats have been the party of government, tragically hooked on the high-minded: they don't react well to flagrant pandering or character assassination. This has been a losing position these past 40 years, and the media—like pollsters and political consultants—tend to look in the rearview mirror and pretend to see the future.

**In his victory speech after the smashing** North Carolina results came in, Obama went directly after both McCain and the media. "[McCain's] plan to win in November appears to come from the very same playbook that his side has used time after time in election after election," Obama said. "Yes, we know what's coming, I'm not naive. We've already seen it, the same names and labels they always pin on everyone who doesn't agree with all their

ideas, the same efforts to distract us from the issues that affect our lives, by pouncing on every gaffe and association and fake controversy, in the hopes that the media will play along."

That may have been unfair to McCain, since the Senator from Arizona won the Republican nomination in much the same way Obama has triumphed—as an outsider, an occasional reformer, a pariah to blowhards like Limbaugh. But it's also true that McCain has a choice to make: in the past month, he has wobbled between the high and low roads, at one point calling Obama the Hamas candidate for President after a member of that group "endorsed" the Senator from Illinois. If McCain wants to maintain his reputation as a politician more honorable than most, he's going to have to stop the sleaze. And if Obama wants to maintain his reputation for honor, he'll have representatives from his campaign sit down with McCain's people to work out a sane, equitable campaign-financing mechanism for the general election—and a robust series of debates. Mark McKinnon, a McCain adviser who has said he would rather recuse



# Campaign 2008

For continuing coverage of the presidential race, including daily dispatches, videos, the *Swampland* blog and Mark Halperin's take on *The Page*, visit [time.com](http://time.com)

himself than help his candidate against Obama, has suggested that the two candidates campaign together, staging Lincoln-Douglas-style debates across the country—a proposal similar to the offer that Kennedy reportedly wanted to make if he ran against Barry Goldwater in 1964.

In the end, Obama's challenge to the media is as significant as his challenge to McCain. All the evidence—and especially the selection of these two apparent nominees—suggests the public not only is taking this election very seriously but is also extremely concerned about the state of the nation and tired of politics as usual. I suspect the public is also tired of media as usual, tired of journalists who put showmanship over substance.... as I found myself doing in the days before the May 6 primaries. Obama was talking about the Republicans, but he could easily have been talking about the press when he said, "The question, then, is not what kind of campaign they will run; it's what kind of campaign we will run. It's what we will do to make this year different. You see, I didn't get into this race thinking that I could avoid this kind of politics, but I am running for President because this is the time to end it."

Politics will always be propelled by grease, hot air and showmanship, but in the astonishing prosperity of the late 20th century, we allowed our public life to drift toward too much show biz, too little substance. Yes, the low-information signals—the bowling and tamale-eating—are crucial; politicians have to show that they are in touch with the lives of average folks. But a balance needs to be struck between carnival populism and the higher demands of democracy, and as a nation, we haven't been very good lately with the serious part of the program. As a result, there is a festering sense—I've seen it everywhere I've traveled this year—that the country is in "the ditch," as Clinton said. A general-election campaign between John McCain and Barack Obama doesn't need any hype. It won't be boring. The question is whether we, politicians and press alike, will grant this election—and electorate—the respect that it deserves.

# The Mistakes She Made

Hillary Clinton began the race with all sorts of advantages, but she and her advisers never grasped how much had changed

BY KAREN TUMULTY

**F**OR ALL HER TALK ABOUT "FULL SPEED on to the White House," there was an unmistakably elegiac tone to Hillary Clinton's primary-night speech in Indianapolis. And if one needed further confirmation that the undaunted, never-say-die Clintons realize their bid might be at an end, all it took was a look at the wistful faces of the husband and the daughter who stood behind the candidate as she talked of all the people she has met in a journey "that has been a blessing for me."

It was also a journey she had begun with what appeared to be insurmountable advantages, which evaporated one by one as the campaign dragged on far longer than anyone could have anticipated. She made at least five big mistakes, each of which compounded the others:

## 1. She misjudged the mood

THAT WAS PROBABLY HER BIGGEST BLUNDER. In a cycle that has been all about change, Clinton chose an incumbent's strategy, running on experience, preparedness, inevitability—and the power of the strongest brand name in Democratic politics. It made sense, given who she is and the additional doubts that some voters might have about making a woman Commander in Chief. But in putting her focus on positioning herself to win the general election in November, Clinton completely misread the mood of Democratic-primary voters, who were desperate to turn the

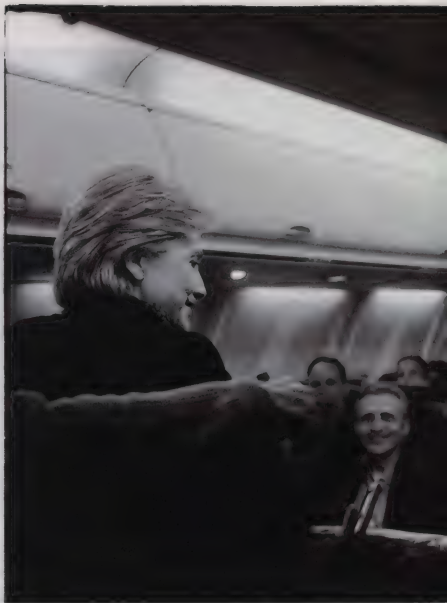
page. "Being the consummate Washington insider is not where you want to be in a year when people want change," says Barack Obama's chief strategist, David Axelrod. Clinton's "initial strategic positioning was wrong and kind of played into our hands." But other miscalculations made it worse:

## 2. She didn't master the rules

CLINTON PICKED PEOPLE FOR HER TEAM primarily for their loyalty to her, instead of their mastery of the game. That became abundantly clear in a strategy session last year, according to two people who were there. As aides looked over the campaign calendar, chief strategist Mark Penn confidently predicted that an early win in California would put her over the top because she would pick up all the state's 370 delegates. It sounded smart, but as every

**With reporters aloft** Clinton ran as an incumbent in a year that turned out for most Democrats to be all about change

high school civics student now knows, Penn was wrong: Democrats, unlike the Republicans, apportion their delegates according to vote totals, rather than allowing any state to award them winner-take-all. Sitting nearby, veteran Democratic insider Harold M. Ickes, who had helped write those rules, was horrified—and let Penn know it. "How can it possibly be," Ickes asked, "that the much vaunted chief strategist doesn't understand proportional allocation?" And yet the strategy remained the same, with the campaign making its bet on big-state victories. Even now, it can seem as if they don't get it. Both Bill and Hillary have noted plaintively that if Democrats had the same winner-take-all





rules as Republicans, she'd be the nominee. Meanwhile, the Clinton campaign now acknowledges privately:

### 3. She underestimated the caucus states

WHILE CLINTON BASED HER STRATEGY ON the big contests, she seemed to virtually overlook states like Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas, which choose their delegates through caucuses. She had a reason: the Clintons decided, says an adviser, that "caucus states were not really their thing." Her core supporters—women, the elderly, those with blue-collar jobs—were less likely to be able to commit an evening of the week, as the process requires. But it was a little like unilateral disarmament in states worth 12% of the pledged delegates. Indeed, it was in the caucus states that Obama piled up his lead among pledged

delegates. "For all the talent and the money they had over there," says Axelrod, "they—bewilderingly—seemed to have little understanding for the caucuses and how important they would become."

By the time Clinton's lieutenants realized the grave nature of their error, they lacked the resources to do anything about it—in part because:

### 4. She relied on old money

FOR A DECADE OR MORE, THE CLINTONS set the standard for political fund-raising in the Democratic Party, and nearly all Bill's old donors had re-upped for Hillary's bid. Her 2006 Senate campaign had raised an astonishing \$51.6 million against token opposition, in what everyone assumed was merely a dry run for a far bigger contest. But something had happened to fund-raising that Team Clinton didn't

fully grasp: the Internet. Though Clinton's totals from working the shrimp-cocktail circuit remained impressive by every historic measure, her donors were typically big-check writers. And once they had ponied up the \$2,300 allowed by law, they were forbidden to give more. The once bottomless Clinton well was drying up.

Obama relied instead on a different model: the 800,000-plus people who had signed up on his website and could continue sending money his way \$5, \$10 and \$50 at a time. (The campaign has raised more than \$100 million online, better than half its total.) Meanwhile, the Clintons were forced to tap the \$100 million-plus fortune they had acquired since he left the White House—first for \$5 million in January to make it to Super Tuesday and then \$6.4 million to get her through Indiana and North Carolina. And that reflects one final mistake:

### 5. She never counted on a long haul

CLINTON'S STRATEGY HAD BEEN PREMISED on delivering a knockout blow early. If she could win Iowa, she believed, the race would be over. Clinton spent lavishly there yet finished a disappointing third. What surprised the Obama forces was how long it took her campaign to retool. She fought him to a tie in the Feb. 5 Super Tuesday contests but didn't have any troops in place for the states that followed. Obama, on the other hand, was a train running hard on two or three tracks. Whatever the Chicago headquarters was unveiling to win immediate contests, it always had a separate operation setting up organizations in the states that were next. As far back as Feb. 21, Obama campaign manager David Plouffe was spotted in Raleigh, N.C. He told the *News & Observer* that the state's primary, then more than 10 weeks away, "could end up being very important in the nomination fight." At the time, the idea seemed laughable.

Now, of course, the question seems not whether Clinton will exit the race but when. She continues to load her schedule with campaign stops, even as calls for her to concede grow louder. But the voice she is listening to now is the one inside her head, explains a longtime aide. Clinton's calculation is as much about history as it is about politics. As the first woman to have come this far, Clinton has told those close to her, she wants people who invested their hopes in her to see that she has given it her best. And then? As she said in Indianapolis, "No matter what happens, I will work for the nominee of the Democratic Party because we must win in November." When the task at hand is healing divisions in the Democratic Party, the loser can have as much influence as the winner. ■



CAMPAIGN '08

# How He Learned To Win

Trounced in his first big race, Barack Obama retooled and won a Senate seat. How the ward politics in Chicago gave Obama an education that has earned him a shot at the presidency

BY MICHAEL WEISSKOPF/CHICAGO

**B**ARACK OBAMA HAD NOT BEEN IN POLITICS FOR long when he got his tail whipped by a veteran Chicago Congressman in his own backyard. For a brief period that followed, Obama seemed a bit unsure about what to do with his life—the same kind of unsettling early stumble made by others who went on to seek—and often win—the presidency. Yet within four years, Obama had won a seat in the U.S. Senate. Less than four years after that, he has all but clinched the Democratic nomination for President.

How did the man who is virtually certain to face John McCain in the fall come so far so fast? Much of the answer can be traced to the lessons of his first thumping. It was after that brief race in 2000, say dozens of aides and associates who spoke with *TIME*, that Obama learned how to be a politician. He jettisoned his Harvard-tested speaking style for something more down-home. He learned how to cultivate those in power without being defined by them. And he learned how to be different things to different people: a reformer groomed by an old-fashioned machine boss, an African American heavily financed by white liberals, a Harvard lawyer whose bootstrapping life story gained traction with white ethnics. Abner Mikva, a former federal judge and Congressman from Chicago, credits Obama with figuring







## Obama's Chicago

**1 Washington Park**  
Obama struggled in his first race to win the trust of voters in black neighborhoods, who didn't know him well and were skeptical of a newcomer. He'd overcome that by 2004

**2 Beverly**  
The southwest side Irish neighborhood was one of Obama's earliest strongholds, after a local pol took a chance on him in 2000

**3 Evanston**  
Obama raised much of his money on the South Side in his first race; in 2004, he looked to donors in the whiter, northern suburbs along the lake

**4 Hyde Park**  
The University of Chicago neighborhood has a tradition of political independence and gave Obama some of his earliest support

out "how to appeal to different constituencies without being inconsistent."

At various points during Obama's bid for the Democratic nomination, all those skills have been on display. This is the story of how he mastered them.

### Gambling—and losing

IN THE GREAT MIDCENTURY HEYDAY OF CHICAGO'S Democratic machine, politics was open only to those with a sponsor—"We don't want nobody nobody sent," a ward boss famously said. By the time Obama got into the game in the 1990s, it was no longer an exclusive club. The centrally controlled party organization had splintered into a loose group of ward committees that operated like autonomous fiefdoms. Still, old practices died hard; the same virtues of loyalty and familiarity were rewarded by new bosses who expected political newcomers to pay their dues—and wait their turn.

One exception was Hyde Park, a small, integrated, partially gentrified neighborhood of professionals and University of Chicago professors, with a long tradition of independent politics. Obama moved there as a newly minted lawyer specializing in civil rights cases and lecturing at the university's law school. In 1996 he won his first political election to represent Hyde Park in the state senate, using legal challenges to keep rivals off the ballot. But after three years in the state capital of Springfield, he got restless and turned an eye to the seat for the First Congressional District of Illinois.

The First had the longest continuous black representation and one of the highest percentages of African Americans of any district in Congress. Since 1992, the First had been represented by a man with

his own claim to history. Bobby Rush co-founded the Illinois Black Panther Party before going mainstream as an alderman and ward committeeman. But Rush stumbled badly in early 1999 when he challenged incumbent Richard M. Daley in the Democratic primary for the mayor's job. Rush lost, doing poorly among black voters and failing to carry his own ward.

His misstep made Obama think he could take Rush on. So in Obama jumped—only to discover he would have to fight for every vote. Rush started off with 90% name recognition, vs. 9% for Obama, a poll showed. The challenger had hoped to find common ground with Daley, but the mayor saw no percentage in crossing a sitting Congressman. Daley, according to his brother Bill, told Obama that just because Rush had been creamed for the mayoralty didn't mean he could be dethroned by a newcomer. "You're not going to win," Daley said.

Obama argued that Rush had failed in leadership and vision. But his delivery was stiff and professorial—"more Harvard than Chicago," said an adviser who had watched Obama put a church audience to sleep. The problem was deeper than speaking style. Obama was a cultural outsider. Rush attacked his Ivy League education, using the *E* word for the first time. "He went to Harvard and became an educated fool," the Congressman told the *Chicago Reader*. "We're not impressed with these folks with these Eastern-élite degrees." Not growing up on the South Side raised other suspicions about Obama. So did his white mother and his Establishment diction. Obama's first encounter with racial politics was over the perception that he wasn't black enough. "Barack is viewed in part to be the white man in blackface

in our community," state senator Donne Trotter, who was also running for Rush's job, told the *Reader*.

The contest raised another question that haunts Obama to this day: Does he have the will to win? Halfway through the race, he took his family to Hawaii for Christmas, missing a key vote in Springfield on legislation to make illegal gun possession a felony. The measure was intended to deter violence in the kind of gun-ravaged neighborhoods he was seeking to represent. Illinois's governor, who called a special session to pass the measure, pleaded with Obama to come back. His staff did too. But Obama, who had previously supported the bill, refused to return for the vote on grounds that his 18-month-old daughter was sick. When the bill lost narrowly, Obama came in for a large share of the blame. Rush, whose 29-year-old son had been gunned down on the South Side a couple of months earlier, said there was no excuse for missing "one of the most important votes in history."

It fell to Bill Clinton to deliver the coup de grace. The President broke his policy of staying neutral in primaries and endorsed Rush in a glowing radio spot. When it was over, Rush piled up 61% of the vote, compared with 30% for Obama. He lost the most heavily black wards by more than 4 to 1. The race was called before Obama could even make his way to a would-be victory party at the Ramada Inn in Hyde Park. "I confess to you," he told about 50 supporters on a chilly March evening, "winning is better than losing."

### Once more, with friends

THE CAMPAIGN LEFT HIM \$60,000 IN DEBT and unsure of his future. At 38, he was a state legislator in a party out of power, a black politician trounced in the black heartland, an outsider in the tribal world of Chicago politics. His long absences from home had angered his wife. "He was very dejected when it was over," said Mikva, "and thinking of how else he could use his talents." When a nonprofit group dangled a high-paying job, as director, Obama was so nervous—for fear that he might get it—that his hands were shaking on the way to the interview, a former aide reported.

From the ashes, though, Obama could see a way out. The only ward he had won was the largely white working-class Irish Catholic 19th ward, where the local party organization had endorsed Rush but a state legislator, Tom Dart, broke ranks for Obama. Dart walked the precincts and marched with Obama at the annual South Side St. Patrick's Day parade, passing out Obama buttons with shamrocks. Nearly three-quarters of the ward—a conservative community of cops, firefighters and schoolteachers—went



### Tough Loss

**2000 Obama vs. Bobby Rush**  
In his first big race, Obama, left, tried to unseat Rush, above, who had represented Illinois's First District in Congress since '92. But voters failed to embrace him, as did Chicago's mayor, and Rush won by a landslide



for Obama, suggesting a wider reach among white voters. "He didn't need to be pigeonholed in his Hyde Park base," said Dart.

But if Obama was going to make his great leap forward, he would need the help of men like Emil Jones. A former sewer inspector in Chicago, Jones worked his way up the Democratic machine on the Far South Side to become Illinois's senate president in 2003, a pork-barreling, wheeling-and-dealing powerhouse. Early that year, he met privately with Obama at the statehouse. Obama had passed up various statewide races but now had found one to his liking: the U.S. Senate seat held by Republican Peter Fitzgerald, a quirky maverick up for re-election in 2004. If Obama were to have any hope of becoming the Democratic nominee, he would have to overcome two weaknesses exposed in 2000: shaky support among working-class blacks and the dearth of party regulars. Jones, now president after a Democratic takeover of the state senate, held the key to both problems. "You've got a lot of power," Obama told him. "You have the power to make a United States Senator." Jones asked Obama who, exactly, he might have in mind. Obama then described his strategy for getting elected. Jones recalls that the two men discussed the idea for a while and then he said, "Let's go for it."

## Big Win

### 2004 Obama runs for Senate

*Gambling again, he took on a host of better known Democrats. Backed by deeper pockets and more powerful allies, he prevailed easily*

By embracing Obama early, Jones stopped pivotal endorsements of rivals. Candidate Blair Hull, who made a fortune in securities trading, had a claim on the support of Governor Rod Blagojevich, whose 2002 victory Hull had helped underwrite. But, as Jones put it, "the governor needs support for his initiatives, so naturally he's not going to take a chance at alienating me." Blagojevich stayed neutral. Illinois comptroller Dan Hynes was the presumptive favorite, the son of a former state senate president, longtime 19th-ward boss and close Daley ally. The AFL-CIO was gearing up for an early endorsement of the younger Hynes. Jones caught wind of the plans and called its president. "If you proceed in that direction, you lose me," Jones told her. The union backed off, giving him and Obama time to line up support from affiliates that had large and heavily black memberships—teachers, government employees and service workers.

With Hull and Hynes likely to split the white vote, Obama would need blanket support from African Americans. But in seven years in Springfield, he was best known for passing ethics reform. The GOP majority hadn't made it any easier to pass social-justice legislation. Now Jones was in control of the body and its agenda. He picked Obama to steer and ultimately get credit for laws that passed in the second half of 2003 after years of demands by the black community: death-penalty reform, taping of homicide interrogations, fattening tax credits for the working poor and a measure to curb racial profiling.

Though Jones leaned on the black caucus to get behind Obama, many saw him as an undeserving outsider who jumped the line, who wore ambition on his sleeve. Some were "very upset" to see Jones hand important bills to Obama instead of spreading out the goodies to other Democrats, said Delmarie Cobb, a black Democratic consultant who supports Hillary Clinton for President. Jones was less successful outside Springfield. Some old-line black politicians in Chicago backed Hynes out of loyalty to his father. Rush endorsed Hull.

Obama, meanwhile, had junked his starchy speaking style in favor of something that helped him shore up his base.

Dan Shomon, his campaign manager against Rush, believes Obama learned the art of public speaking at the scores of black churches he visited in 2000, absorbing the rhythm and flourishes of pastors and watching how their congregations reacted. David Mendell notes in his biography of Obama how the candidate would "drop into a Southern drawl, pepper his prose with a neatly placed 'ya'll' and call up various black colloquialisms." He rarely missed a chance to speak at Sunday services in black churches, where, Mendell writes, he linked his candidacy to the larger march forward of African Americans. He emphasized his Christian faith and often mentioned his pastor, Jeremiah Wright. While Wright

### "I guarantee you, I can win"

OBAMA WAS NOW POLITICKING AT A HIGH level and building a different kind of organization to pay for it. In the 2000 loss to Rush, Obama raised \$600,000, an eye-popping figure for a first-time congressional candidate. Now, four years later, Obama laid down a challenge to Marty Nesbitt, a top fund raiser, as he eyed the U.S. Senate. "If you raise \$4 million, I have a 40% chance of winning," Nesbitt recalls him saying. "If you raise \$6 million, I have a 60% chance of winning. You raise \$10 million, I guarantee you I can win." Said Nesbitt: "It was a matter of having the money to tell his story."

Obama had already opened a rich vein

of the names of Chicago's leading business, cultural and philanthropic figures.

Obama raised almost \$6 million in the primary, and some of it came from sources Obama now shuns—\$180,000 from political-action committees and \$40,000 from lobbyists, according to the Center for Responsive Politics. More than half his war chest came from people working for industry groups—legal, securities, real estate, banking, business services, health care, publishing, utilities and insurance among them. Rezko raised \$160,000 for the primary and later general election—funds Obama gave to charity after Rezko was indicted on corruption charges for which he's now being tried. Obama's contributor list made some uncomfortable. "Is he really reform-minded, transcendent, clean, fresh and new, or is this just another politician?" asked a donor wooed by Obama but signed by Clinton. "The answer is, he's just another politician."

OBAMA'S LUNGE FOR HIGH OFFICE WOULD not prove much of a contest. His Democratic rivals tore each other up, letting Obama's mostly keep to the high road. He never threw a lot of punches, but he never had to take one either. He lured both blacks and whites to his coalition without facing a clash of their interests. And the speech that turned out to be his most important won him the least attention. Not long before he announced his Senate candidacy, he agreed to speak at a downtown rally against the U.S. invasion of Iraq. "I don't oppose all wars," he said, "what I'm opposed to is a dumb war." Obama wasn't even mentioned in a Chicago *Tribune* story the next day. But his prophetic words would power his campaign for the nomination four years later.

The Senate race turned into a rout, with Obama taking nearly 53% of the vote in a three-way race. Not only did he score a landslide victory in the African-American community, but he also handily won a pair of ethnic-white wards on Chicago's Northwest Side. And he won a third of the vote in downstate Illinois, backed by college students and farmers.

The commitment of Obama's new coalition was never really tested in a difficult campaign: Obama went on to crush a Republican stand-in, Alan Keyes, after the incumbent decided not to run and the GOP's nominee had to withdraw amid a scandal. But the seeds of Obama's political future were planted during that Democratic primary campaign. At his primary victory party in May 2004, he noted the improbable triumph of a "skinny guy from the South Side with a funny name like Barack Obama." And then he repeated a line that had capped his campaign commercials: "Yes, we can. Yes, we can."

**Quick learner**  
A wooden speaker in 2000, Obama lost the star in his style by 2004, and it soon paid off



has been a liability to Obama this year, in 2004, when Obama faced doubts on racial authenticity, he was a campaign asset. "It affirmed his roots," said Cobb.

Obama drew from other parts of his life story to broaden support among whites. His rise from a modest upbringing to the pinnacle of U.S. education drew a connection to the life struggles of ordinary people. Even his rival Hynes admired Obama's appeal to "anybody who may have shared his passion for trying to make it." Partly as a result, Obama won the endorsements of some white lawmakers from small towns whom he'd gotten to know in legislative battles and occasional poker games played amid cigars and beer.

And while Obama couldn't win the support of the Daleys' political machine—he knew they would back Hynes—he shrewdly planted some political seeds. He wrote Bill Daley, a longtime Democratic wise man, saying that while it was only right for the Daleys to support a loyal friend, he hoped they would be for him if he won the primary. "I thought, that's a very smooth move," said the younger Daley, who now supports Obama for the White House.

of political cash in Chicago's black business elite, a new generation of corporate executives, capital managers, consultants, manufacturers and bankers. He put a flamboyant Chicago real estate tycoon named Tony Rezko on his finance committee to hit up the developer crowd. But to raise \$10 million, he would have to win over Chicago's biggest political donors, many of them Jewish professionals and business owners, known as lakeside liberals. They lived along the North Shore of Lake Michigan, and most had had no personal contact with Obama.

Many of them did know Obama's black inner circle, however. Nesbitt was close to Penny Pritzker of the Hyatt hotel clan, who had helped finance Nesbitt's airport-parking company. Riding home together from a board meeting in 2002, Nesbitt mentioned Obama's Senate plans and asked her to lend a hand. She was initially skeptical—"Didn't he just lose a congressional race to Bobby Rush?" she asked—but agreed to hear Obama out. She invited Obama to her Michigan summer home for a weekend. He won her over, landing on his finance committee a Pritzker whose Rolodex contained



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# Burma's Second Agony

Months after a brutal military crackdown, the impoverished Asian country is devastated by a cyclone. A look at a nation's calamity

BY HANNAH BEECH

## THE PEOPLE OF BURMA TAKE OMENS

seriously. For centuries, the vagaries of weather have been scrutinized by astrologers who divine a relationship between celestial irregularities and earthly mayhem. So when a tropical cyclone tore across the country on May 2 and 3, killing tens of thousands and leaving hundreds of thousands homeless in the Irrawaddy River delta and the city of Rangoon, Burmese couldn't help noting the curious timing: exactly a week later, on May 10, the thuggish ruling junta was set to hold a constitutional referendum, a step toward what the military has called a discipline-flourishing democracy. Then the heavens opened and the winds lashed. The gods, it appeared, weren't happy with where Burma's leaders were taking their country.

Cleaning up after a catastrophe is hard work anywhere. But few places are more vulnerable than Burma, also known as Myanmar, an isolated, desperately poor nation of 53 million. Diseases that fester in the wake of such natural disasters could prove as deadly as the storm. Most galling, a 450,000-strong military that had ruthlessly gunned down dozens of monk-led demonstrators last September was seen as doing little to address the country's worst weather calamity in living memory. Faced with such monumental devastation, the junta has said it would welcome foreign help. On May 6, President George W. Bush pledged \$3.25 million in emer-

gency aid to a country normally cut off from American largesse by sanctions motivated by the Burmese regime's human-rights record.

One place the cyclone spared was Burma's new administrative capital, Naypyidaw, carved out of the jungle in 2005. No official reason was given for shifting

the capital from Rangoon, but locals have speculated that the military had been swayed by soothsayers who predicted that civil unrest and a natural disaster would soon strike the city. Within eight months of each other, both prophecies had come true. "People in Burma are angry about two things," says Aung Zaw, a Burmese in





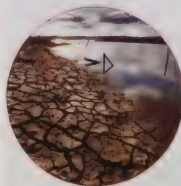
exile who edits a Thailand-based magazine called the *Irrawaddy*. "They're angry at the military for reacting so slowly. And they're angry at the cyclone for missing Naypyidaw and keeping the generals safe." The long-suffering Burmese can only hope that divine intervention will not be so kind to the generals next time. ■

**Drowned world**  
*Burma's low-lying delta region was hit hardest by the storm. In some cases, it took days for relief to arrive*

# Why the World Can't Afford Food

And why higher prices are here to stay

BY JACKSON DYKMAN

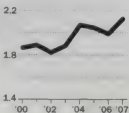


## Poor harvests and restrictive trade policies

Worldwide production of cereals has not kept pace with demand as droughts and bad weather have hit key exporting regions. As stocks dwindled, some countries placed export restrictions on food to protect their own supplies. This in turn drove up prices, punishing countries—especially poor ones—that depend on imports for much of their food.

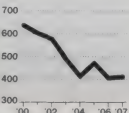
### WORLDWIDE CEREAL PRODUCTION

Edible grains such as wheat, rice, corn, barley and sorghum, in billions of tons



### WORLDWIDE CEREAL STOCKS

In millions of tons

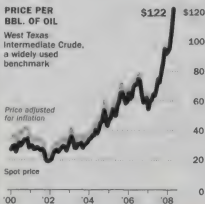


## Increasing price of oil

Food costs closely track energy costs. As the price of oil spikes, the cost of running a farm jumps too. Petroleum is a key ingredient in the making of some types of fertilizer, which is increasingly essential to agriculture in the developing world. Then there's the added cost of gas to run equipment and higher transportation expenses to get food to market.

### PRICE PER BBL. OF OIL

West Texas Intermediate Crude, a widely used benchmark



Price adjusted for inflation

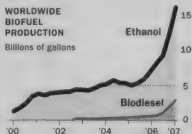
Spot price

## Diversion of crops for biofuels

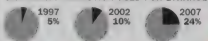
Expensive oil creates more demand for alternatives, like biofuels made from corn or other plants. Driven by government subsidies, U.S. farmers are devoting more land to corn at the expense of other crops and turning more of the corn they grow into ethanol. It's a double whammy: both corn and grain for food become scarcer, further driving up prices.

### WORLDWIDE BIOFUEL PRODUCTION

Billions of gallons



### U.S. CORN PRODUCTION USED FOR ETHANOL



**Global food price index** A monthly measure of price changes in major food commodities traded internationally (1998 to 2000 = 100)

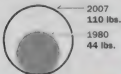




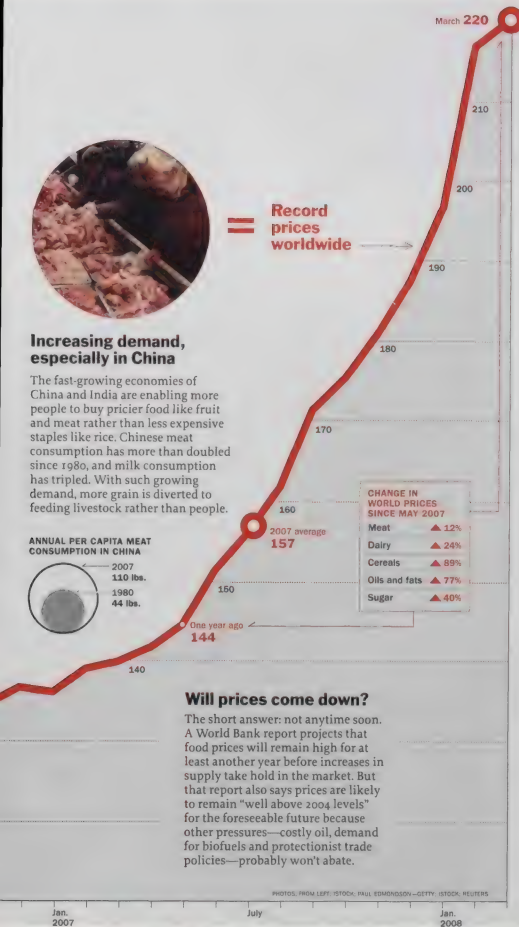
## Increasing demand, especially in China

The fast-growing economies of China and India are enabling more people to buy pricier food like fruit and meat rather than less expensive staples like rice. Chinese meat consumption has more than doubled since 1980, and milk consumption has tripled. With such growing demand, more grain is diverted to feeding livestock rather than people.

### ANNUAL PER CAPITA MEAT CONSUMPTION IN CHINA



**Record prices worldwide**



## Will prices come down?

The short answer: not anytime soon. A World Bank report projects that food prices will remain high for at least another year before increases in supply take hold in the market. But that report also says prices are likely to remain "well above 2004 levels" for the foreseeable future because other pressures—costly oil, demand for biofuels and protectionist trade policies—probably won't abate.

## How those prices hit home in the U.S.

Food prices are a key factor pumping inflation in the U.S., and wages aren't keeping pace. Here's how some prices have risen in supermarkets:

### CHANGE IN PRICE SINCE 2003

Wonder bread  
▲74%

Boneless center-cut pork chop  
▲124%

Farmland Skim Plus milk  
▲38%

Arnold stone-ground wheat bread  
▲36%

Rib-eye steak  
▲64%

Carr's water crackers  
▲39%

Birds Eye frozen sweet corn  
▲28%

Bananas  
▲41%

Birds Eye frozen baby peas  
▲21%

Diet Coke  
▲10%

Sources: United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization; Agriculture Department; Energy Information Administration; International Fertilizer Industry Association; World Bank; International Food Policy Research Institute; Bureau of Labor Statistics



Photographs for TIME by Tivadar Domaniczky—VII Network



WORLD

# The Long View

At 60, Israel has established itself as a vibrant democracy in a hostile neighborhood. So why are its people so divided about its future?

BY TIM MCGIRK/JERUSALEM

**A**S ISRAEL MARKS its 60th birthday, its citizens would seem to have plenty to celebrate. Situated on a patch of stony land, democratic Israel has endured the ravages of war and terrorism and an assortment of enemies sworn to destroy it. Israelis have managed to revive Hebrew, a 4,000-year-old language, and turn it into a vibrant instrument of elegant novelists and growing rappers. In cities like Tel Aviv and Haifa, the high-tech industry has produced years of robust growth and fostered a culture of creativity and inventiveness that is the envy of the Middle East.

But the mood in Israel today is more pensive than jubilant. The birth of Israel was a desperate affair; it arose from Holocaust ashes, and Arab countries vowed to carry on where the Nazis had left off. Sixty years ago, Israelis didn't have the luxury of under-going an identity crisis.

That quest for identity is ever present. Is Israel a Jewish state or a state for Jews? Is

**Promised land** An Israeli soldier patrols near Nablus in the occupied West Bank



**CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:**  
**Culture clash** In downtown Jerusalem, ultra-Orthodox Jews pass a reclining security guard

**Ancient walls** An Arab resident stands outside Jerusalem's Old City

**Youth movement** A bejeweled young Israeli scopes out the scene on Banana Beach in Tel Aviv

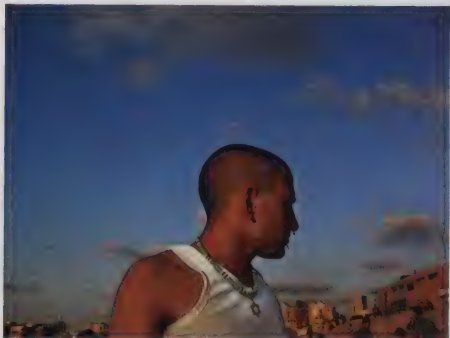
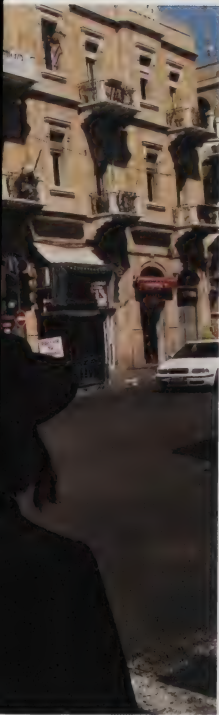
religion more important than national identity? Examined closely, Israel more resembles a mosaic than a real country: the black hatted ultra-Orthodox are at odds with the beach boys of Tel Aviv; the Jews who fled Europe feel superior to those who flooded in from North Africa and the Middle East; the latecomers—Russians (many of them not practicing

Jews) and Ethiopians—are still struggling to fit in; and the Israeli Arabs, who constitute 20% of the population, complain that they are treated as second-class citizens or potential suicide bombers. Israelis like to joke that if you bring three Israelis together, you have five opinions. President Shimon Peres recently remarked that in Israel, "every-

one begrudges everyone else."

Sixty years since its birth, Israel still lives in peril and without peace. Israelis worry about the threat of a nuclear attack from Iran. They worry that Hizballah will pepper them with more missiles launched from southern Lebanon and that Palestinian rockets fired from Gaza will inevitably land in a crowded Negev school yard.





And they worry that Palestinian suicide bombers will once again explode in the buses and cafés of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. "We used to think that every year we survived was a miracle, a gift," an Israeli friend confides gloomily, "but now all I think about are the threats ahead."

Most Israelis realize they must give the Palestinians their own state. To hang on to

the occupied territories would mean that before long, Arabs would outnumber the Jews in so-called Greater Israel. Some of Israel's anxieties would vanish if Israelis reached peace with the Palestinians. But both groups are so bound up in their own sense of victimization—the Israelis over the Holocaust, the Palestinians over the loss of their land—that they are

blind to the legitimate needs of the other. Palestinians speak of pushing the Israelis into the sea. Israelis speak of driving the Arabs into the desert sands. But the majority of sensible people on both sides know neither outcome is possible. Somehow they must agree to share the land and tolerate each other's presence even if it takes another 60 years. ■



#### **Holy Land**

What will Israel look like 60 years from now? Hear the answers of Elie Wiesel, Dennis Ross, Etgar Keret and others and see more of Tivadar Domaniczky's images at [time.com/israel](http://time.com/israel)

# The Quiet Laureate

How did Jhumpa Lahiri's *Unaccustomed Earth*, a book of short stories about Bengali immigrants, become a No. 1 best seller? She has no idea either

BY LEV GROSSMAN



AMONG THE THINGS you will not find in Jhumpa Lahiri's fiction are: humor, suspense, cleverness, profound observations about life, vocabulary above the roth-grade level, footnotes and typographical experiments. It is debatable whether her keyboard even has an exclamation point on it.

In person, Lahiri is almost as reserved as she is on the page. She is tall and slender and stands very straight, with a silk scarf tied around her neck, much too elegant for the chain coffee shop in Brooklyn, N.Y., where she is being interviewed. Lahiri speaks quietly and deliberately, vouchsafing only the occasional smile. She orders nothing.

At 40, Lahiri is the most critically praised member of America's rising liter-

of. ("As long as my kids are afraid of me, that's all I really care about," she says. She has two with her husband, a journalist.) Her first book, the story collection *Interpreter of Maladies*, won the Pulitzer Prize in 2000. It was followed in 2003 by a novel, *The Namesake*, which was made into a movie by Mira Nair, and this year by another collection, *Unaccustomed Earth*, which debuted at No. 1 on the New York Times best-seller list, an astounding feat for a book of quiet, formal short stories about the lives of Bengali immigrants and their children.

The success of *Unaccustomed Earth* is an anomalous data point, but it should tell us things about ourselves. Such as: we're way more interested in Bengali immigrants than we thought we were. Lahiri is a miniaturist, a microcosmologist, and she helps us understand what those lives mean without resorting to we-are-the-world multiculturalism. Everyone in Lahiri's fiction is pulled in at least six directions at once. Parents pull characters backward in time; children pull them forward. America pulls them west; India pulls them east. The need to marry pulls them outward; the need for solitude pulls them inward. Lahiri's stories are static, but what looks like stasis is really the stillness of enormous forces pushing in opposite directions, barely keeping one another in check. "Just being brought up by people who didn't and still don't feel fully here, fully present—that's very intense," she says. "It's not just all about the house we live in and the friends we have right here. There was always a whole other alternative universe to our lives."

Lahiri's rise is part of a changing of the guard in American fiction, from a generation in which white American-born men still play a primary role (Jonathan Franzen, David Foster Wallace, Michael Chabon) to one in which the principal voices weren't born here, like Lahiri, Edwidge Danticat (born in

Haiti), Gary Shteyngart (Russia) and Junot Díaz (the Dominican Republic). They're transnationals, writers for whom displacement and dual cultural citizenship aren't a temporary political accident but the status quo.

They are almost as different from one another as they are from their predecessors. Díaz, Lahiri's fellow Pulitzer winner, writes wild, slangy, funny prose laced with Dominican Spanish and *Star Trek* references. His determination to entertain is almost vaudevillian. Lahiri's stories are grave and quiet and slow, in the 19th-century manner. They don't bribe you with humor or plot twists or flashy language; they extract a steep up-front investment of time from the reader before they return their hard, dense nuggets of truth. It's difficult to quote from her stories: they refuse to sum themselves up with a neat final epiphany, and Lahiri doesn't write one-liners. "I approach writing stories as a recorder," she says. "I think of my role as some kind of reporting device—recording and projecting." She steps back from the action, gets out of the way, so the people and things in her stories can exist the way real things do: richly, ambiguously, without explanation.

Her art and her life are marked by the same discipline. She doesn't read reviews. Her Pulitzer is still in its bubble wrap. When she writes, she likes to pretend that she never won the prize at all, that life is as simple as it was when she was writing *Interpreter* back in Boston. "I have to will my world, my life, back to that place, because that's where I find the freedom to write," she says. "If I stop to think about fans, or best-selling, or not best-selling, or good reviews, or not good reviews, it just becomes too much. It's like staring at the mirror all day." It's as if to describe the world, she has to remove herself from it, keep her art and her life separate. Comfortable as she is crossing borders, she keeps that one tightly closed. ■

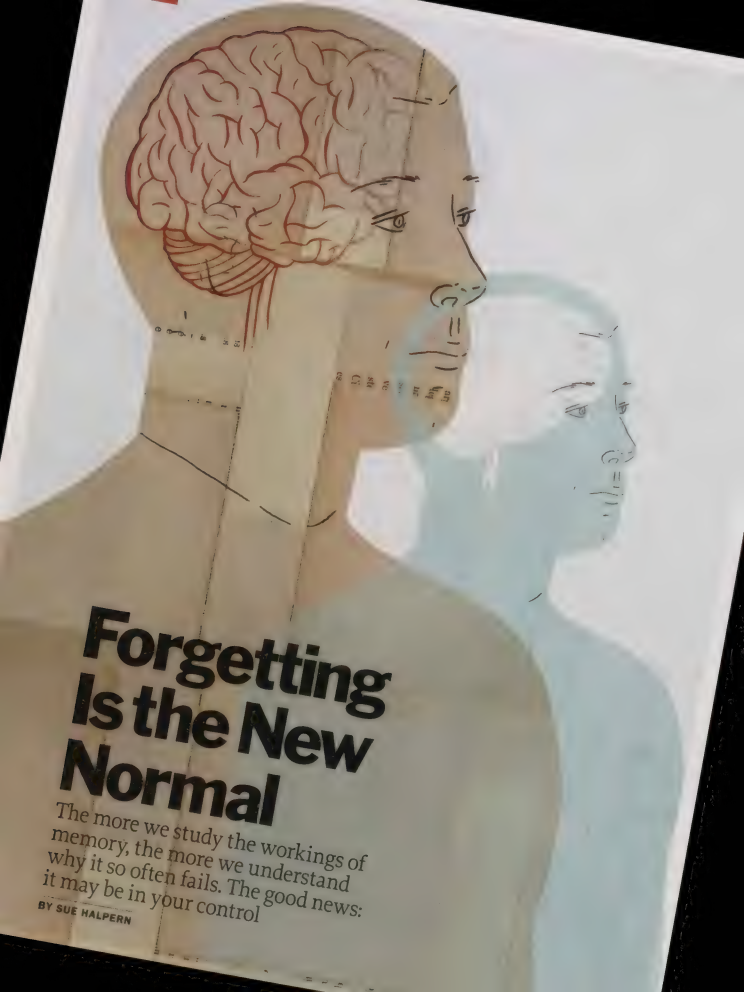
**'It's not just all about the house we live in and the friends we have right here. There was always a whole other alternative universe to our lives.'**

—JHUMPA LAHIRI

ary generation. Born in London to Bengali parents, she grew up in Rhode Island, where her father was (and is) a librarian. She went to Barnard, then moved to Boston to work in a bookstore and collect master's degrees and generally figure herself out. "I sometimes wonder, If I'd not gone up to Boston for those years, would I have written fiction?" she says. "In New York I was always so scared of saying that I wrote fiction. It just seemed like, Who am I to dare to do that thing here? The epicenter of publishing and writers? I found all that very intimidating and avoided writing as a response."

Now she's the one people are scared





# Forgetting Is the New Normal

The more we study the workings of memory, the more we understand why it so often fails. The good news: it may be in your control

BY SUE HALPERN



**M**EMORY RESEARCHER DR. Scott Small would like to reassure you that you're not losing your wits. Visit him in his lab at Columbia University's Medical Center, tell him how the last time you went to a party, you couldn't put names to faces, how telephone numbers slip your mind, and he'll walk to his blackboard, pick up a piece of chalk and draw two lines. One, he will tell you, represents age. The other is memory. "As age goes up, memory goes down," he says. "Memory decline occurs in everyone."

Anecdotally, that's no surprise. Approach middle age, and it's hard not to notice that your recall is flickering. This, we're reassured, is perfectly normal—all your friends are complaining about the same thing, aren't they?—and yet it doesn't feel normal. You don't just have your mind, after all; you are your mind, and nothing threatens your well-being so much as the feeling that it's at risk. What's more, while most memory loss is normal, at least some people must be part of the unlucky minority that develops Alzheimer's disease or other forms of dementia. Why not you?

Alzheimer's is expected to strike 34 million people globally by 2025 and 14 million in the U.S. alone over the next 40 years. Half of all people who reach age 85 will exhibit symptoms of the disease. That, however, means that the other half won't. And since average U.S. life expectancy currently tops out at 80.4 for women and only 75.2 for men, by the time your 85th birthday rolls around, you're not likely to be troubled by Alzheimer's disease—or anything else.

**CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I FORGOT**  
Adapted from *Can't Remember What I Forgot: The Good News from the Front Lines of Memory Research* by Sue Halpern. © 2008 Sue Halpern. Published by Harmony Books, a division of Random House, Inc.

Still, that doesn't make it any easier when you forget to pick up the dry cleaning or fumble to recall familiar addresses. The good news is, science is as interested in what's going on as you are. With better scanning equipment and knowledge of brain structure and chemistry, investigators are steadily improving their understanding of how memory works, what makes it fail, how the problems can be fixed—and when they can't.

For most people, all this will mean reassurance as worrisome symptoms turn out to be nothing at all. "Normal is the new frontier," says Mony de Leon, director of the Center for Brain Health at New York University Tisch Hospital. And for those who do drift beyond that frontier, the same research may offer new hope for treatments and even cures.

Consider, for a moment, how memory is supposed to operate. Consider, that is, the hippocampus. A cashew-shaped node of tissue, the hippocampus sits deep in the temporal lobe of the brain, near the amygdala, which is the seat of emotions. If the brain has a gatekeeper of sensory information, the hippocampus is it. The aroma and sizzle of bacon frying, the smooth finish of polished granite, a phone number you need to call—all must pass through the hippocampus. Only if information gets in can it be moved along to the prefrontal cortex, where it will be held briefly in what is called working—or short-term—memory. When you look up the phone number, dial it and promptly forget it, that's your prefrontal cortex working in tandem with your hippocampus.

But let's say you hang on to the number 10 minutes or even 10 months later. Why? Because that bit of information has gone through a chemical process called long-term potentiation (LTP) that strengthens the synapses. You need LTP to form long-term memories. And LTP takes place in the hippocampus.

The hippocampus begins to malfunction



tion early in Alzheimer's disease. Imaging studies have shown that people with Alzheimer's typically have smaller than average hippocampi. Meanwhile, as the hippocampus is shrinking, the pathway between it and the prefrontal cortex also begins to degrade. Signals peter out and fade away, and questions take their place: Do I know you? Who am I? But it's not just with Alzheimer's: the hippocampus also goes at least somewhat awry in normal memory loss. "It's relatively stable in volume till about 60," Harvard neuroscientist Randy Buckner explains, "and then begins to change. People with Alzheimer's disease, though—they slide off the cliff."

Small and his colleagues have been trying to understand this difference. Small's hunch—now proven—was that a node of the hippocampus different from the one affected in Alzheimer's was breaking down in normal memory loss. "In humans, monkeys and rats," he says, "normal aging targets a node called the dentate gyrus, while a different node—the entorhinal cortex—is relatively spared. But in Alzheimer's disease, it's almost exactly reversed." Small has gone deeper, pinpointing a protein molecule known as RbAp48 that is lower in the brains of people suffering ordinary age-related memory loss. He and his colleagues are now testing the effect of that molecule in a knockout mouse—one engineered not to express RbAp48. They are

also looking at interventions that might amplify the molecule and presumably boost memory.

But even if you, like the mouse, are low in RbAp48, don't pin all the blame for your memory loss on your hippocampus. As people get older, their attention starts to flicker, and that plays a role of its own. The prefrontal cortex, which controls planning, organization, abstraction and forethought, is the same region that allows us to concentrate, and it starts to diminish in size well before middle age. It also begins to use the brain's fuel, glucose, less efficiently and loses about half the neurotransmitter dopamine it once had. The result of all this, says Amy Arnsten, a neurobiologist at Yale Medical School, is that as we get older, we get "ADHD, but it's attention-deficit hypoactivity—not hyperactivity."

In her lab at Yale, Arnsten has roused idling monkey and rat brains with a medication called guanfacine, which appears to amplify the circuits of the prefrontal cortex. The drug has been tested on children with ADHD as well as on people with traumatic brain injury, posttraumatic stress and schizophrenia, and in each case it seems to revitalize working memory.

This could be a boon to middle-agers whose concentration is slipping, since studies show just how vital paying attention can be to forming memories. In one

study, neuroscientist Dr. Adam Gazzaley of the University of California, San Francisco, recruited two groups of subjects—one ages 19 to 30 and the other 60 to 77—and scanned their brains while they were looking at pictures of human faces, then again when they were viewing landscapes. This allowed him to map out where in the brain they were taking in these images. Then he put the volunteers back in the scanner and told them that he was going to show them four pictures simultaneously—two of faces, two of scenery—and that he wanted them to focus only on the faces. When the younger volunteers did this, they showed increased activity in the part of the brain that deals with facial recognition and decreased activity in the part that processes landscapes. Not so the older participants; they couldn't shut out the scenery and focus on just one thing. Says Gazzaley: "They are overwhelmed by interference."

In a related study, psychologist Susan De Santi of NYU's Center for Brain Health studied subjects who had been diagnosed with mild cognitive impairment (MCI), a condition that can be transitory but one that also often segues to Alzheimer's. Two years later, some did develop the disease, but in others the symptoms faded. What De Santi found was that younger subjects who had no trouble paying attention saw their conditions improve.

"MCI is memory problems combined

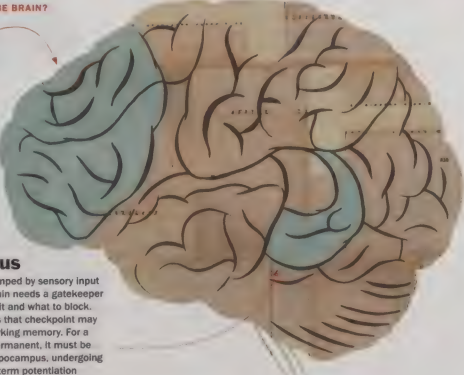
#### WHAT HAPPENS IN THE BRAIN?

### Prefrontal Cortex

Site of the brain's higher functions, the prefrontal cortex behind the forehead is also where short-term—or working—memories are processed. When you look up a phone number, dial it and promptly forget it, that's short-term memory at work.

### Hippocampus

In order not to be swamped by sensory input and other data, the brain needs a gatekeeper to decide what to admit and what to block. Information that clears that checkpoint may be moved along to working memory. For a memory to become permanent, it must be reprocessed in the hippocampus, undergoing what's known as long-term potentiation



### What the Stats Say

## 14 MILLION

Number of people in the U.S. who will develop Alzheimer's disease in the next 40 years

## 50%

Share of people who develop symptoms of Alzheimer's by age 85

## 80.4

U.S. life expectancy for women; it's 75.2 years for men. Most people die before Alzheimer's sets in

with problems in some other cognitive domain, like verbal fluency or spatial reasoning," De Santi says. "Seventy-one percent of those who had memory problems plus some other problem ended up getting sick with Alzheimer's, but only 8% of people who had only memory problems got sick."

Something else is going on as we get older that also impairs memory: our brains are making fewer neurons. Until a decade ago, the common assumption was that we were born with a fixed number of brain cells that die off as we age, making us, well, dimmer. That, however, is not the case. It is now known that the brain continues to produce neurons throughout the life cycle, but only in two places: the olfactory bulb and the hippocampus. And not just anywhere in the hippocampus but in the dentate gyrus, the very node that Small has identified as the site of impairment in normal memory loss. So why should memory fade at all? The answer may come from the gym.

A decade ago, when neuroscientist Fred Gage of the Salk Institute made the discovery that the adult brain continues to regenerate, the brains in question belonged to mice. Some of the mice had been sedentary, others had been exercising, and the ones that logged the most miles on their wheels produced many more new neurons than did the sedentary ones.

Now it turns out that the same appears to be true for humans. In a paper published last spring, a team led by Gage, Small and Richard Sloan, a psychologist at Columbia University, revealed that after pounding the treadmill four times a week for an hour for 12 weeks, a group of previously inactive men and women, ages 21 to 45, showed substantial increases in cerebral blood volume (CBV)—a proxy for neurogenesis because where there are more cells, there are more blood vessels.

Not only did the CBV profile of the human exercisers mirror that of the mice, but the people who exercised more did better on a slew of memory tests. Other evidence backs this up. In a study of "previously sedentary" older subjects by psychologist Arthur Kramer at the University of Illinois and others at Israel's Bar-Ilan University, investigators found that those who engaged in aerobic exercise did better cognitively than those who stretched and toned but never got their heart rates pumping. What's more, subsequent imaging showed that aerobic exercise "increased brain volume in regions associated with age-related decline in both structure and cognition."

Meanwhile, researchers from the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm who have been following over 1,500 people for more

than 35 years found a significantly lower rate of dementia, including Alzheimer's, in those who exercised. Another study, this one of 2,000 elderly men living in Hawaii, showed that those who walked two miles or more a day were half as likely to develop dementia as those who walked a quarter-mile or less.

Cerebral blood volume is not the only thing responsible for this brain-boosting. Also at work is the fact that exercise increases what's known as brain-derived neurotrophic factor (BDNF), a protein that stimulates the birth of new brain cells and then helps them differentiate and connect. BDNF also enhances neural plasticity, the process by which the brain changes in response to learning. In diseases like Alzheimer's, depression, Parkinson's and dementia, BDNF levels are low. In people who exercise, BDNF levels rise.

But physical activity isn't all there is to improving your memory. There's also what you eat. Take blueberries. According to Jim Joseph, a neuroscientist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Boston, blueberries seem to have nearly magical powers: they zap free radicals (highly reactive atoms that can damage tissue), reverse aging, enhance cognition—and this is the kicker—cause new neurons to grow. If you're a rat.

In one of his animal studies, Joseph and his associates developed a series of motor-skills tests that they called the Rat Olympics. Rats had to walk balance beams and stay upright during a log-rolling task. Those raised on special blueberry rat chow did significantly better than those that were not, leading Joseph to conclude that "blueberries were actually able to reverse motor deficits in these aging animals." More remarkably, when mice that had been genetically altered to express Alzheimer's were put on the blueberry diet, they did not experience memory loss. Joseph's research has shown some similar benefits from walnuts, which contain alpha-linolenic acid, an essential omega-3 fatty acid.

No matter what you eat, if you want to keep your memory sharp, you should strive for a diet that keeps your belly fat down. A study of more than 6,500 people published in the March 26 edition of the journal *Neurology* showed that people who were overweight and had a large belly were 2.3 times as likely to develop dementia as those with normal weight and belly size, while those who were obese and had a large belly were 3.6 times as likely. As scientists have long known, as belly fat—which disrupts body chemistry more than less reactive fat elsewhere on the body—increases, blood glucose rises



#### WHAT CAN YOU DO?

### Exercise

Staying active can raise cerebral blood volume, which means that new brain cells are being produced. Exercise also boosts a protein that stimulates regrowth of neurons

### Blueberries

Yes, they taste good, but blueberries may also improve memory by battling highly reactive atoms that damage brain tissue. The catch: so far, the studies have been conducted only in laboratory rats



along with it. Some of Small's most recent animal studies show that rising glucose levels in turn disrupt the function of the dentate gyrus. That doesn't draw a straight and conclusive line between waistline and memory, but it does suggest one. "It's possible," Small says, "that blood glucose, which tends to drift upward as we get older, is one of the main contributors to age-related memory decline in all of us."

None of these insights, of course, make your sputtering memory less frustrating. When you've misplaced your keys for the third time this month, it does you a little good to be reminded that it all may be just too much glucose and too few blueberries. And nothing entirely removes the specter of true dementia and the horrors it implies. Still, figuring out how memory works is the most important step in figuring out how it can be fixed. When you can make some of the fixes yourself, the news is even better. If you needed one more reason to get your exercise and watch your diet, the memory scientists are providing you with one—even if you have to write it down.



got milk?

**Busy Body.**

Actress, model,  
mother, health nut,  
spokesperson,  
role model. How  
does a busy mom  
get it all done?  
I exercise, eat right  
and drink milk.

Studies suggest the  
nutrients in 3 glasses  
of lowfat or fat  
free milk a day  
can help maintain  
a healthy weight.  
Plus the protein  
helps build muscle  
for a lean body.

Done.



**milk your diet**

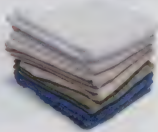
[whymilk.com](http://whymilk.com)

Having kids triggers many to go green. New parents are the leading edge of environmental awareness

PARENTING, PAGE 49

# Life

TRAVEL PARENTING



## TRAVEL

**How to Take a Gas Holiday.** As the presidential candidates spar over prices at the pump, here's a smart guide to cutting back

BY ANITA HAMILTON

EVEN A ROAD TRIP CAN FEEL LIKE A LUXURY when it costs \$75 to fill the fuel tank. That's why Ronelle Scardina, 39, scrapped plans to drive 400 miles to Disneyland in Anaheim, Calif., this July and decided instead to rent a cabin on a lake just two hours from her home in San Rafael. "Prices are going up on everything, and we have a mortgage and a family to support," says

the working mom, who expects to scrimp even more by packing her family of four into her 1994 Honda Civic instead of taking her roomier—but gas-slurping—suv.

High fuel prices will probably keep Americans closer to home this summer, despite the gas-tax "holiday" supported by Hillary Clinton and John McCain that would shave 18¢ off every gallon of gas through Labor Day and save most families an estimated \$30 this summer (while cost-

ing the government \$9 billion). A recent poll by AOL and Zogby found that 30% of Americans have changed their vacation plans because of high fuel prices. On websites like Ecomodder and Daily Fuel Economy Tip, drivers are learning how to save by driving smarter, hunting down deals, finding alternative modes of transportation or—at worst—finding creative reasons to spend less time behind the wheel and more time relaxing. "People





## The Cheapskate's Cheat Sheet

You already know you can improve mileage by being miserly with the air-conditioning, keeping your tires properly inflated and getting a tune-up before you hit the road. Here are more smart ways to economize:

### Use Your GPS

New car navigation devices display prices at gasoline stations on your route. They also steer you clear of traffic, helping cut wasteful idling



Dash Express

### Get Free Gas

Hundreds of hotels and small inns are giving away gas cards worth up to \$25 for each night of your stay.

See a list at [bedandbreakfast.com](http://bedandbreakfast.com) or contact Marriott, Hilton or Holiday Inn



**Drive Past the Drive-Through** Idling can waste up to a gallon of gas per hour, so take the time to park your car and stretch your legs before you refuel your body for the road ahead

**Take Your Two-Wheeler** Motorcycles use half the gas of cars, and bikes use none. Try a family bike tour or go motorcycle camping



**Buy a Fuel Monitor** The \$170 ScanGauge II displays your mileage in real time; watch it drop when you gun the gas and soar as you keep a steady pace. This information makes it easier to correct wasteful habits on the fly



**Go Barefoot** The increased sensitivity on the pedals helps you accelerate and brake more efficiently. If you don't like how it feels (it's an acquired taste), wear thin-soled shoes

### Limit Cruise Control

Use it only on flat roads. Forcing your engine to rev up and down to maintain a fixed speed wastes momentum—and gas



### Rent a Small Car

Enterprise and other discounters will rent you a Toyota Yaris, which gets 35 m.p.g. on the highway. It's also about 20% cheaper to lease than a full-size vehicle



aren't canceling their trips outright," says Marie Dodds, a spokeswoman for AAA, "but they are definitely looking into other options."

The most obvious way to save gas is simply to drive less. For some, that means changing the destination. Doug and Cheryl Ludwig of Frederick, Md., recently canceled an 18,000-mile trip to Alaska that they had been planning to take in their recreational vehicle, which gets just 10 m.p.g. Instead, they'll be heading to Amish country in nearby Pennsylvania. Other families ditch the car once they've arrived. Brad Smith of Portland, Ore., is taking his two kids, ages 7 and 8, on a three-day bike ride along the southern Oregon coast sponsored by a nonprofit group called Cycle Oregon. Smith, 45, says exercising as a family is a new priority. Bonus: "I can have a beer at the end of the day, and I don't feel guilty about it."

Even camping—that mainstay of penny-pincher vacations—might look different this year, thanks to gas prices. State parks in New York, Maine and Vermont have all reported an increase of 10% to 15% in camping reservations over last year. But more campers will be arriving not by gassy RV but by car—or even motorbike. Campgrounds have become more motorcycle-friendly in recent years to cater to that growing market. Chris Rhie, 23, says he plans to ride his new Suzuki motorcycle—which gets 50 m.p.g.—from San Francisco to Yosemite for a camping trip with his girlfriend this summer.

What about Americans who can't resist the call of a summer road trip? The website Ecomodder recently published a list of more than 100 tips for better mileage. Benjamin Jones, one of the site's co-founders, is a self-described "hypermiler," known for extreme gas-saving stunts like

covering the underside of a car with corrugated plastic to reduce drag and coasting in neutral with the engine off instead of hitting the brakes. For ordinary drivers, he recommends avoiding stop-and-go driving and idling, which depletes up to a gallon of gas per hour. Driving 55 m.p.h. instead of 80 saves 20% of gas over the same distance, he says. Also useful: gadgets like fuel monitors that show real-time usage and new GPS devices that locate the cheapest gas stations on your route.

Some families, though, are simply taking more stayercation. Scardina got a family pool pass to her local community center, which she can walk to, and plans to carpool to the beach with friends. She'll also take her kids, ages 5 and 6, to local puppet shows, an African dance festival and live music at a nearby outdoor amphitheater. This summer there may be no better way to save money than to stay home.

**Know Travel?** For more links to useful websites that will help you save on your holiday road trip, visit [time.com/summertravel](http://time.com/summertravel)

## PARENTING

# Growing Up Green. No way around it: your child is an environmental disaster. How eco-parenting can ease the impact

BY PAMELA PAUL

WANT TO WRECK THE ENVIRONMENT? HAVE a baby. Each bundle of joy gobbles up more of the planet's food, clogs garbage dumps with diapers, churns through plastic toys and winds up a gas-guzzling, resource-consuming grown-up like the rest of us. Still, babies are awfully cute. Given that most people still intend to procreate, what's an environmentally conscious parent to do?

Today's green-minded families go far beyond eco-consumerism—the buying of organic baby goodies like mohair-filled crib mattresses, flame-retardant-free pajamas and fair-trade toys. Call it eco-parenting: it's not just buying greener but fundamentally altering the often wasteful art of child-rearing. "For us, environmental awareness and activism isn't just a question of health," says Jonathan Spalter, a 45-year-old father in

eco-haven Berkeley, Calif. "It's a moral and ethical issue that we hope to teach our three little girls." That means early potty-training, monitoring the water temperature in their children's baths and choosing "products that walk softly on the planet." Their kids are already on board, with one daughter telling Spalter's wife Carissa Goux, 41, "Mommy, you shouldn't waste so much."

It turns out that the act of having kids triggers many to go green. An April 2008 Roper poll found that people identified having a child as their primary motivation for protecting the environment; 91% said the most important reason to recycle is the impact it will have on their children's future. In fact, new parents are the leading edge of environmental awareness, says Alan Greene, a pediatrician at Packard Children's Hospital at Stanford and author of *Raising Baby Green*. "I've seen a dramatic increase in parents tak-

ing environmental responsibility for their children in the past 15 years."

True eco-parenting extends beyond the kitchen compost. "Parents are not just changing their behavior at home," says Deirdre (wife of Don) Imus, author of the just published *Growing Up Green!* "They're realizing they need to get involved in greening their communities." Take actress Laura Dern, mother of two. First she hired Green Life Guru, a Los Angeles-based environmental-services company, to evaluate the eco-fitness of her house. "After they advised me on water filtration and solar

## I've seen more parents taking environmental responsibility for their children.'

—DR. ALAN GREENE, AUTHOR OF *RAISING BABY GREEN*

paneling," Dern says, "I realized, Wait a minute—I'm sending my children off to a school, which can be a toxic environment." Now she and other parents are working with the company to eliminate chemical-ridden carpeting and pesticides at their children's school and introduce composting and recycling programs there.

Naturally, a host of new books and services have sprouted to guide the eco-parent. *Healthy Child Healthy World*, by Christopher Gavigan, offers advice on everything from having an organic pregnancy to reducing a child's carbon footprint, while Imus' book counsels parents on detoxing their sippy-cup supply and lobbying for greener legislation. A number of services focus on recycling. Zwaggle.com is a nationwide marketplace for used toys, children's clothing and gear. In Los Angeles, the most recent LA Kids Consignment Sale offered more than 25,000 used breast pumps, high chairs and Exersaucers. Kidsconsignmentsales.com lists 1,100 such events across the country.

Admittedly, this emphasis on raising kids green can make some parents reel. Heather Timmons, 32, a full-time mother and homeschooler of four children in Brownsville, Ore., sticks to the doable. She tackles a different environmental challenge each month, whether it's (almost) eliminating paper towels or making her own household cleaners with vinegar and baking soda. "I believe it's important to do your part and be responsible," says Timmons, who does so by consolidating car trips, buying toys secondhand and substituting vintage plates for paper at her kids' birthday parties. "But at the same time, I don't want to be freaking out about it." Parents have enough to freak out about already. ■

Paul is the author of *Parenting, Inc.*

## TIPS

### How to Raise Kids And Save the Planet

The Timmons family of Brownsville, Ore., takes these extra steps for the environment:

- 1) **Make your own cleaning solutions.** Mom Heather and Blaise, 4, make an environmentally friendly cleaner out of vinegar and baking soda
- 2) **Save school supplies by recycling.** Aydin, 6, uses both sides of the paper
- 3) **Don't overuse appliances.** Chrissy, 12, runs the dishwasher only when it's packed
- 4) **Trade paper towels for cloth.** The Timmons have cut their paper-towel usage 80%
- 5) **Buy used toys.** Baby Marie, 1, likes pre-owned toys just fine



# my dream



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Drew Barrymore is an Ambassador Against Hunger for the United Nations World Food Programme

Would you read anything  
written by this man?  
Books, page 53

# Arts



MOVIES BOOKS CULTURE DOWNTIME



## MOVIES

**Man Becomes Machine.** The summer's first two blockbusters provide glimpses of the future of movies

BY RICHARD CORLISS

TONY STARK TINKERS IN HIS LAB TO BUILD a gadget that will keep him alive and a metal suit in which to house the artificial organ: the media dub him Iron Man. Speed Racer drives the car built by his dad to win the big rallies and in the process becomes one with his souped-up Ti80.

Maybe it's just a coincidence, but the first two big movies of the summer season

are about men fusing with their machines. And instead of being conquered or corrupted by their ambitions, the new machine men triumph. The implicit message of Jon Favreau's *Iron Man*, which earned more than \$100 million in its opening weekend, and of Larry and Andy Wachowski's *Speed Racer* is that we've dwelled too long in the crypts of antiscientific dystopia. We live in an age of sophisticated machines. They do much of our work for us; we spend most

of our playtime with them. So let's recognize our symbiosis with machines—and celebrate our mastery of them—in movies that couldn't be made without them.

Zillionaire industrialist Tony Stark (Robert Downey Jr.) is a man without a heart—until he has to create a device to protect his own. Speed Racer (Emile Hirsch)

**Fast track to greatness** Hirsch needs no mutant powers to ace the competition in *Speed Racer*



has a sweet gawkiness about him—until he gets behind a wheel. Not only do these heroes find the answers from within themselves, but they also build the solutions in to themselves. The technology they create and maneuver helps them win because it's intrinsic: it's their heart, their brain.

It may seem naive glorifying scientific innovation in an age of surface-to-air missiles (the kind Tony Stark's company manufactures in *Iron Man*) or exalting auto races at a time when many Americans have trouble paying for the gas that gets them to their jobs. But summer movies are parables, fairy tales that, for a couple of hours, let us dream while we're awake. And it's not the worst idea to have stories that both address our intimate relationship with machines and allow us to feel good about the connection. In fact, it's downright American—not in the flag-lapel-pin sense but in the innocent summoning of the country's old virtues.

### Building a Better Machine

"I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC," WALT WHITMAN wrote more than 150 years ago, around the time the nation started to be united, from Atlantic to Pacific, by the railroad and the telegraph. By the end of the 19th century, one of Thomas Edison's lesser inventions—the movies—had given the world the first machine art. In a way, every film ever since has been a testament to the technical ingenuity of America (or of a few geniuses who happened to live there).

And yet, almost from the beginning, movies saw machines as humankind's en-

slavers, not liberators. The definitive image of man's domination by the contraptions he'd created came in 1936's *Modern Times*, with Charlie Chaplin being threaded, like a strip of film, through the wheels and cogs of a giant machine. In later films, the gadgets we created were less likely to help us than to turn on us, like the HAL 9000 computer in 2001's *A Space Odyssey*, or to hunt us down, like the Schwarzenegger cyborg in the original *The Terminator*.

Obviously there's more potential drama in a man-vs.-machine battle than in a movie about how to get along with your computer. Favreau and the Wachowskis know this. Their films show their heroes blending with robot suits and race cars in order to vanquish the bad guys. And in doing so, they've provided plenty of standard action-movie pleasures. *Iron Man* gives you a guy flying over L.A., disrupting military aviation and confronting a villain in even larger metal couture. *Speed Racer* boasts enough auto-erotic car-nage to make *Grand Theft Auto IV* seem, by comparison, like a jalopy junkyard.

But the real kick of these movies is the edifying spectacle of people taking control of their destinies by building beautiful, useful machines with which they're perfectly in synch. They could be the garage geeks who paved Silicon Valley with cybergold or Hollywood's visual-effects alchemists translating their fantasies into pixels to create gorgeous movies like these. *Iron Man* and *Speed Racer* are tributes to practical ingenuity and manual dexterity, to real American innovators like Edison and Ford,

Steve Wozniak and Dale Earnhardt—to the grease monkey as genius.

### Deus Ex Machina

*IRON MAN* IS BASED ON A MARVEL COMIC character introduced in 1963, *Speed Racer* on the Japanese animated TV series *Mach GoGoGo*, launched in 1967. The two new movies share the scientific optimism of that time, when the study of physics was, briefly, both a patriotic duty and a nifty option for American students; when doctors began installing artificial hearts; when President Kennedy said we'd go to the moon within a decade—and we did.

In films back then, for all the pioneering imagination shown by Stanley Kubrick's team on 2001, visual effects were fairly primitive, and animated pictures were still hand-drawn. In today's movies, whether "live action" (with lots of computer effects) or animated (virtually all CGI), the machines that make them are the finest toys imaginable. And the people who program those machines use them as extended hands, as part of their brain. Machines are tools that free the creative spirit of the director and the effects maven.

That's certainly true of *Speed Racer*, in which the texture is the text, and it's deliriously dense. Renouncing literal sense (Is the film set in the '50s or today? In America or Britain? Who knows? Who cares?), the Wachowskis have created a fantasyland that is part retro, part nextro. It's a rich, cartoonish dream: Op Art in nonstop, Mach 2 motion.

With more than 2,000 effects shots, the movie is throwing some new dazzle at you about every four seconds. In the big races, no actual car was used; these magnificent set pieces are almost totally animated. The Wachowskis' desktop dervishes invented so many new techniques, they had to create a bunch of new names for them. Effects supervisor John Gaeta itemizes some of them in the forthcoming book *The Art of Speed Racer*: "Faux lensing," "Photo Anime film format," "designer shape de-focus," "infinite depth of field," "bling and super-bling flare enhancements" and "candy-inspired Techno Color." You can tell that everyone had liberated fun making the film; it feels like the group effort of Mensa kids let loose in a paint store.

Movies like *Polar Express* and *Sin City* proffered seductive experiments in digital cinema and green screen, but *Speed Racer* brings the virtual movie to full maturity—the, for now, ultimate blending of man and machine. If you watch the film, are overwhelmed by the assault of seductive visual information and wonder what you're seeing, here's the happy answer: the future of movies. We sing the movie electric. ■

It becomes him  
*Iron Man* Downey  
Jr. builds more than  
an empty suit

***Iron Man* and  
*Speed Racer* are  
tributes to practical  
ingenuity and  
manual dexterity**







**He did it again** Frey still likes mixing his facts with fiction. But in *Bright Shiny Morning*, he's much clearer about which is which

history and such. It's reminiscent of one of Tom Wolfe's billion-footed beasts, but it's even more reminiscent of the socially conscious early 20th century naturalism of John Dos Passos and John Steinbeck. Fittingly, Frey uses a hard-boiled, under-punctuated, Hemingway type of non style that seems to growl, *I'm giving you the straight dope here, son.* (A sample: "They lived in a small town in an eastern state it was nowhere anywhere everywhere, a small American town full of alcohol, abuse and religion. He worked in an auto body shop and she worked as a clerk at a gas station and they were going to get married and buy a house...")

There are four main story lines. One concerns a \$20-million-a-movie married superstar who is secretly gay. Another involves a teenage couple who run away from home in small-town Ohio to work service-level jobs in L.A. There's also a mildly demented homeless man who finds purpose when he meets a meth-addicted runaway. And there's Esperanza, a maid who makes a love connection with her psychotically mean boss's nice, nerdy son.

These stories have two things in common. One, they take place in L.A. Two, they are all clichés. Frey has less fear of cliché, or of sentimentality, or of stating the obvious, than almost any other writer I have ever read. He literally writes as if he personally discovered that show-biz people are fake, homeless people can have hearts of gold, love can bridge any divide, and people go to L.A. to watch their dreams die.

And yet. Compare *Bright Shiny Morning* with, say, Charles Bock's *Beautiful Children*, a novel of similar proportions and ambitions (it's about Las Vegas) that was published in January to great critical acclaim. *Children* drips with nuance and high purpose and psychological complexity, but in all honesty, I would far rather spend an evening (or a morning) with *Morning* than with *Children*. The worst bits of *Morning* are probably worse than anything else you'll read this year, but Frey is such a relentlessly entertaining storyteller that you just won't care. Sure, the setups are formulaic (ironically, Frey makes fun of Hollywood's cookie-cutter plots, while his aren't much better), but the details are pure over-the-top pulp, and they go by so fast you don't have time to roll your eyes. Frey has a history of having a little too much fun with facts, among other controlled substances. As a writer of fiction, he may finally have found a job where that's not a problem. ■

## BOOKS

**Fool Me Twice.** The most notorious author in America returns with a novel. Is it good enough to make us forgive him?

BY LEV GROSSMAN

I'M NOT GOING TO GET BETWEEN YOU and James Frey. Frey, as everybody knows, is the author of two books that were published as memoirs—*A Million Little Pieces* and *My Friend Leonard*—but turned out to be not especially factually accurate. I'm not that upset about it, mostly because I didn't think the books were that great in the first place. They felt crude and overwrought and underthought to me, and maybe as if Frey were just a little too proud of what a thorough mess he'd made of his life. Yes, he violated the unwritten contract between writer and reader. I wouldn't blame anybody for being mad at him. I just wasn't that invested.

So I approached Frey's new book, a novel called *Bright Shiny Morning* (Harper, \$12 pages) with something approximating a neutral frame of mind. As it turns out, if you're thinking of not buying it because of Frey's past misdeeds, you might want to



**Frey has less fear of cliché, or of stating the obvious, than almost any other writer I have ever read**

look for some other way of getting back at him, because it's a pretty good read.

*Bright Shiny Morning* is a refreshingly archaic affair, an old-fashioned book written in an old-fashioned style. It's less a novel about Los Angeles than it is Los Angeles—in novel-form, an attempt to embrace and describe and sum up the city by mixing fictional story lines about diverse characters—rich, poor, homeless; black, white, Mexican—with actual facts (somebody might want to check them) about L.A.'s freeways and crime rates and

CULTURE

# Jujitsu with Mamet. In which a Pulitzer Prize winner tries to teach me a choke hold

BY JOEL STEIN

DAVID MAMET HAS ME IN A REAR NAKED choke hold, and I'm quickly losing oxygen. He has knocked me to the ground and spun me on my back, with his right arm hooked tightly around my neck. He is 24 years older than I am and quite a bit shorter, but it has been determined in less than 20 seconds that he can kick my ass. "That was very good," he says, his breathing only faintly increased as I get up from the mat and suck in air. "You moved it from a double-leg takedown to a single leg." Yes, my first seven seconds were heroic. If wrestling 60-year-old playwrights were at all like bull riding, I could go pro.

Before Mamet disassembled me, he arranged for me to get an hour of training at Street Sports in Santa Monica, Calif., where for seven years he has been studying Brazilian jujitsu, a type of martial art that involves very little punching and kicking but a lot of rolling around on the ground and touching in ways that made me, if this is possible, uncomfortable while getting beaten up. Five students—all of whom act in his new film about ultimate fighting, *Redbelt*—took turns pummeling me under the instruction of Mamet's trainer, Renato Magno, who told me later I'd need five years before I could compete with the author of *Glengarry Glen Ross*. "He trains two or three times a week. If he misses a session, he likes to triple the time," Magno added. "He likes gambling, knives and guns. He drove a taxi." Never had someone used so many words to tell me I'm a wuss.

Mamet is so into jujitsu that not only did his daughter train here, but also his rabbi does. Mamet says it has taught him to be less aggressive than his characters. "One of the wonderful things I've learned from this is, in any confrontation, turn to the side. If someone says, 'You son of a bitch,' is he hurting me? Let the argument go. Take the fight out of your expression. No one ever won a fight by looking tough. It's a good lesson in life, and I'm still working on it," he says before failing a little bit and making passivity sound Mametian. "Now I can say, 'I see you're distressed with me. You're angry with me. Is there anything else?'"



Please take me out in preparation for his bout with the playwright, above, the writer, on the floor, is trained in receiving pain



Another change in Mamet is that he believes the liberal tenets he grew up with are mistaken. He detests George W. Bush and the Iraq war—in jujitsu terms, Mamet thinks the U.S. was suckered into expending its energy and exposing weaknesses—but he's newly sold on libertarian economics. "I had a revelation during the midterm elections," he says. "I was making my TV show, *The Unit*, early in the morning. And I thought, I don't know what these people's politics are, but we're all dedicated to this idea of working together. That's all a traditional conservative view of economics is. That the free market will always accomplish socially and economically what government cannot. Two people left to their own devices will get along—because they have to."

This is not what I've learned from

decades of Mamet plays and movies, which suggest, actually, that left alone for three seconds, two people will screw each other over in really complicated ways that need to be figured out for hours after the play, over drinks and dinner. But he seemed to mean it. Mamet is reading so much (Milton Friedman, Adam Smith, Friedrich Hayek) and writing even more (cartooning for the *Huffington Post*; blogging from the perspective of the main character in his new Broadway play, *November*; writing articles for magazines; composing essays about the theater) that he's like an increasingly efficient machine, his efforts all cleanly converted to output. "I'm in the best shape of my life," he tells me, as if I need convincing. "Strong, moderately lean, great cardio."

Eight years ago, Mamet gave me the most useful writing advice anyone ever has: People say things only because they're trying to get something. And now he tells me the most important lesson from jujitsu: "Never, ever turn your back to someone." And right then I realize that even though one of the writers I most admire in all of history is in better physical and intellectual shape than I am, I wouldn't trade places. I'd rather be mugged by Shakespeare than walk backward through life. ■

## Downtime



### 5 Things You Should Know About. A Vegas wedding, French lovers and songs of dismay from young and old



#### MOVIES

**What Happens in Vegas** Directed by Tom Vaughan; written by Dana Fox; rated PG-13; out now  
She (Cameron Diaz) has just been dumped by the creep she adores. He (Ashton Kutcher) has been fired by his boss—his dad. They meet in Las Vegas, get drunk and married and spend the rest of this hectic comedy trying to decide if they're in hate or in love. (Guess.) It's all pretty formulaic, but the stars make it, well, not nearly as awful as it should be. **C+**



#### DVDS

**The Lovers** Directed by Louis Malle; not rated; out May 13  
This 1958 drama about a bored middle-aged wife's affair established Malle's reputation and made Jeanne Moreau an international icon of erotic wisdom. The sex scenes, tame by today's standards, triggered a legal fight decided in the movie's favor by the U.S. Supreme Court. It's still an elegant study of urgent *amour* in bed, bath and beyond. **B+**



#### MUSIC

**Death Cab for Cutie** *Narrow Stairs*; out May 13  
On their second major-label album, the kings of emotional nerdiness mine their broken hearts with just enough sonic abandon to keep things sharp. The single *I Will Possess Your Heart* builds over eight brooding, Wilco-ish minutes (take that, mainstream radio!), while there's actual guitar feedback on *Talking Bird*. A nice step in a darker direction. **B+**



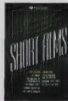
**Neil Diamond** *Home Before Dark*; out now

Forty years in, and his songs still teeter on grievance and end in self-pity. At least they're not so corny. Producer Rick Rubin adds discipline where Diamond needs it, keeping the arrangements simple and the choruses from getting too show-bizzy. What's left is miraculously both quietly compelling and recognizably Neil Diamond. **B+**



#### TELEVISION

**Molotov Alva and His Search for the Creator: A Second Life Odyssey** Cinemax; May 15, 8 p.m. E.T.  
The joke about *Second Life* is that it's for people without first ones. But during six months of "filming" in the virtual realm, Douglas Gayeton finds fellow seekers asking questions about identity, authenticity and whether anyone can create a better world. Also running on YouTube, iTunes and, yes, *Second Life*, this is a digital life well examined. **A-**



#### SHORT STUFF

### The Classy Quickie

THANKS TO YOUTUBE AND Funny or Die, short films haven't been this hip since the days they were made by guys named Chaplin and Keaton. But for a higher-minded sample of the genre than cursing toddlers and Philippine prison dances, pick up the DVD **COLLECTION OF 2007 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATED SHORT FILMS**. The most inventive shorts are in the animation category, particularly two painstakingly made stop-motion movies with not a lick of dialogue. In *Madam*



*Tutli-Putli*, a woman boards a night train laden with all her possessions—and ghosts. The film-makers imposed images of real human eyes onto the animation, creating eerily emotive characters. The other wordless film, a dark spin on Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* using puppets and digital imagery, took home the gold statue. The live-action category includes an austere British western, *The Tonto Woman*; a Danish cancer weepie, *At Night*; and the winner, *Mozart of Pickpockets*, about a deaf-mute child who charms a pair of thieves. —BY REBECCA WINTERS KEEGAN



Michael

# Kinsley

## Inherited Properties. Congress voted to ban genetic discrimination. But how much equality do we really want?

LAST WEEK, WITH LITTLE ATTENTION OR FANFARE, THE U.S. House of Representatives voted 414 to 1 to outlaw genetic discrimination. The only dissenter was the irascible libertarian Ron Paul. The Senate passed the same bill unanimously, and President Bush is ready to sign it. The bill tells employers and insurance companies that they may not use the results of genetic tests in choosing their employees and customers. One purpose of the bill is to encourage genetic testing. But the more important reason for it is to uphold a sense of fairness. Just as the law forbids discrimination against a person because she is black or a woman, it will henceforth forbid discrimination against her because she carries a gene that makes her more likely than average to get cancer. And the logic is similar: Why should she be punished for something completely beyond her control?

That's a good instinct, and this new weapon in the arsenal of equality is a good thing. But how far should we take it? This law forbids the use of genetic information garnered in blood tests. But your genes affect your life in many ways. To avoid all the controversy around the concept of "intelligence," let's consider a slightly different concept called "talent." Is it unfair that Yo-Yo Ma can play cello better than I can? Or that people hire Frank Gehry instead of me when they want a beautiful building, or that Warren Buffett is a better stock picker? Sure, it's unfair. And it's unfair in precisely the same way the results of a genetic test are: my lack of talent at playing the cello is something I was born with and beyond my control. Could I have overcome my lack of talent through discipline and hard work? Maybe, but not enough to scare Yo-Yo. In fact, picking stocks or trying to play the cello is a genetic test, to some extent. It's just one that doesn't require the drawing of blood. But we can't outlaw discrimination on the basis of talent. We don't want to. Discrimination in favor of talent—rewarding a talented cellist over a lousy one—is how we get talent to express itself.

As writers like Richard Dawkins (*The Selfish Gene*) and Robert Wright (*The Moral Animal*) have taught us, it is hard to draw the line between aspects of the human condition that are genetically determined and aspects that are the result of free will. The science of evolutionary psychology can explain why you work hard and

how you developed the talent for glad-handing that has served you so well. Even these behaviors are in your genes, just like a predisposition to develop cancer.

The question is usually put as one of nature vs. nurture. But there is not much difference between nature and nurture when it comes to fairness. Maybe your parents passed on great genes, or they passed on a few million dollars, or they were just terrific people who taught you the values of thrift and hard work. Even in the case of thrift and hard work, how much credit do you deserve for inheriting those fine values? How is it different from inheriting good genes? Answer: it's not much different.

The very appealing notion that genetic discrimination is unfair looks especially odd in the context of insurance. The idea of insurance is to protect against the unexpected or unlikely. Forbidding insurers to take predictable risks into account when choosing whom to insure and how much to charge is asking them to behave irrationally and make bets they are sure to lose. Not insuring people who are likely to get cancer, or charging them more, isn't evil. It's rational behavior. Of course, we outlaw a lot of behavior that would be rational if it weren't against the law. But the skeptics who say this is a step on the way to universal health care actually understate the case. To truly apply the appealing principle that people should not be discriminated against because of their genes would be a leveling experiment, like something out of Stalinist Russia or China's Cultural Revolution.

Of course, there is no reason we have to follow an appealing principle off a cliff. We can have a bit of genetic justice without much risk of tumbling into Stalinism. The same politicians who voted last week to forbid genetic discrimination, because they apparently believe you should not gain any advantage or suffer any disadvantage as a result of the genes you inherit from your parents, have also voted to abolish the estate tax, because they apparently believe there should be no limit whatsoever on how much money you can inherit. Go figure.

Nevertheless, the near total and uncontroversial agreement among Americans that genetic discrimination is wrong says something important about us: we may be a bit confused about all this, but we are a lot more radical about equality than we think.







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